

DIDSBUY PIONEER

VOL. XIV

DIDSBUY, ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th, 1916

No. 27



INVICTUS DRY-SOX IN NAME AND FACT DRY SOX

It was easy for the makers to find the right name, but it took years of experimenting to find just the right process for

Invictus Dry Sox Shoes

Here's the process:-

Heavy oak-tanned sole leather is thoroughly waterproofed by an exclusive process of impregnation. Then an insulating layer of cork, then another of rubber—and capping them all a fine leather insole that it is comfortable to the most sensitive foot.

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Incorporated 1869

HEAD OFFICE	MONTREAL
CAPITAL PAID UP	\$ 11,560,000
RESERVE FUND	\$ 13,236,000
TOTAL ASSETS	\$190,000,000

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Interest paid on deposits at highest current rates. All banking
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J. W. DORAN, Manager Didsbury Branch

Let the Pioneer print your
Butter Wrappers.

Provincial Library

Allies Continue in Forward Rush

Over Line of 25 Miles Drive Back Germans, At Some
Points Several Miles—Hold Ground Already Won;
Prisoners taken about 12,000

It is evident from the reports now coming in that the long looked for drive of the Allies on the western front has commenced in earnest and, we hope to continue with success.

In the battles of Arras and the Champagne the allies attacked the second line without sufficient artillery preparation. This error was not repeated in the present case.

From British headquarters in France Sat., July 1, via London, July 2, we learned that the close of the first day's offensive over the longest front the entente allies have attempted, and the most extensive action of the war for the British, finds both the British and French consolidating their gains.

South of the Acre river, where the infantry swept forward, Curru was captured by the French, and Montauban and Mametz were taken by the British with almost unbroken success, though against heavy curtains of fire and delays, due to stubborn resistance at some points.

Word came back that the destruction by artillery of the first line trench was so complete that one British battalion occupied it with the loss of not a single man. The Germans in their defensive tactics in many instances left the first line trench lightly held, and then shelled it when occupied by the British but the British carried on the fight to the second line.

The German line in some places have been penetrated to a depth of two miles.

Fricourt, a town three miles east of Albert, has been captured by the British, according to an official statement.

South of the Somme, the French have forced their way into the second line of the German entrenchments at a number of places, and have captured the village of Frise and the Mereau court wood.

North and south of the Somme, after artillery preparations and reconnaissances carried out in the preceding days, the French British troops launched this morning an offensive on a front of about 40 kilometers (25 miles.)

During the day along the entire front attacked the allied troops gained possession of the German first position. South of the Somme the villages of Dompierre, Bequincourt, Busso and Fay have fallen into the hands of the French. The Thiaumont works are also in their possession.

July 3.—The allies have made notable gains in the direction of Peronne, one of the most important strategical points along that front.

Successively they captured several towns, and followed this up by carrying the second line of German entrenchments as far as the outskirts of Estrer. Then came the capture of Buscourt and Faucourt. Something over three miles was thus gained, which, added to previous gains, gives the French troops a clear advance of about six miles at the farthest point to within three miles of Peronne. The British captured LaBoisselle.

The prisoners taken will total more than 12,000. The casualties of the allies has been far less than expected.

The desperateness of the struggle along the front of the allied offensive in northern France is shown in the progress made through what the official bulletins describe as the "line." This designation does not refer to a single line, but to the important German defences from a half mile to a mile deep, comprising an intricate system of trenches called a labyrinth, with advance posts heavily armored with concrete, in which machine guns are installed; while in the trenches themselves are armored turrets pro-

New Subscriptions to Patriotic Fund

Previously acknowledged... \$1,763.70

Red Cross Fund

Previously Acknowledged... \$732.45

Belgian Relief Fund

Previously acknowledged... \$396.37

BUSINESS LOCALS

3C A LINE IN ADVANCE IN THIS COLUMN

GOOD FRESH RHUBARB for sale, 6 lbs. for 25c. Mrs. W. F. Sick.

HORSES WANTED—Good, young stock, 1. Herber.

GIRL WANTED at once for house work on farm. Wages \$15 per month. Apply at Pioneer Office.

FOR SALE—A purebred Chester White Boar, 3 years old. Papers can be given. Apply S. E. Baughman, Didsbury, or N. E. 24, 31, 4, W. 5.

DAIRYMAN WANTED—A man qualified to milk 20 to 25 cows and to deliver milk to train with four-horse team; must be first class dry hand milkerman and good horseman. Wages \$50 per month. Apply Hayes Co. Ltd., Cartstons.

HAIL! HAIL! HAIL! The Home, The Excess, the Winnipeg Hail Insurance Companies. For prompt inspection, for satisfactory adjustment, and your money in hand a few days after loss is their secret of success. G. B. Sexsmith.

BULL FOR SALE—A purebred Holstein Bull 3 years old rising 4; write or phone T. A. Murphy, Westcott, for further particulars. Also Purebred Pol. and China boar.

THE OLD RELIABLE Dr. Mecklenburg, graduate optician, 32 years experience, 12 years in Alberta. Will personally be in Didsbury on Thursday, July 13th from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. I have no agents nor partners. Beware of imposters.

NOTICE—Buggies and automobiles painted and varnished, furniture repairing and picture framing. Paperhanging, undertaking and embalming. W. S. Durrer.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

Keep The Family Savings in a Joint Account

in the names of two or more members—Husband and Wife, Brother and Sister, or Father and Son.

It is an all-round convenience, as either can deposit or withdraw money, and in case of death the balance goes to the survivor without any formalities, forming an immediate source of ready money.

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thur Amacher, Annie Ness, Hugh Martin, Lyle Cressman, Eva Dick, Russell Berscht, Lucille Smith, Clifford Mortimer, Ruby Hunsperger, Emma Walder, Minnie Roeth, Nyle Hunsperger, Ross Youngs, Jean Bullis Jacob Dick, Lillie Mack, George Bricker, Kathleen Osmond, Atlene Schuelke, Willie Wrigglesworth.

Grade II to III—Laura Smith, Dorothy Geib, Helen Reed, Tom Morton, Guido Geib, Roy Guy, Ada Simons, George Butts, Jennie Ness, Charlie Gathercole, Willie Burrell.

Grade Jr. III to Sr. III—Willie Wood, Teena McIntyre, Pearl Miller.

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INSURANCE LIFE COMPANY
An Exclusively Canadian Company
Assets Over Four Million Dollars
An Excelsior Policy is a Money Saver. Get One To-day.



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"Silver Gloss" has been doing perfect starching in Canadian homes, for nearly 60 years. In one pound packages and six pound fancy enamelled tins.

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MONTREAL, BRANTFORD, CARDINAL, FORT WILLIAM.

Laundry Starch

Makers of "Crown Brand" and "Lily White" Corn Syrups, and Benson's Corn Starch. 235

Bringing Back the Frontier!
\$10,000.00
Cash Prizes
For Frontier Canadian Championships
The
"Stampede"
Moose Jaw, Sask.
July 11th to 14th—Four Full Days
Cheapest Excursion Rates on all Railroads

Grand Re-Union: Competitive Tournament; Early Western Scenes; Featuring the World's Champion Bucking Horse Riders

This is YOUR Invitation

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Including Mining, Chemical, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

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During the War there will be continuous sessions in Medicine.

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The Arts Course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend our sessions.

SUMMER SCHOOL GEO. Y. CHOWN JULY AND AUGUST REGISTRAR

FITS
Beds of testimonies on file. Write soon and full particulars.
Dr. F. HARVEY ROOF CO., Dept. A 1462, Sta. N, New York

There is no Wool in France

About as tragic as was the situation in Canada when there was no corn in the land, is the news that there is no wool to be bought for love or money in France. Mme. O'Gorman, the Red Cross visitor from the front, now in Toronto, advocates the sending of unknit yarn, the sending of which will enable many poor women to earn money. She was also interested with the experiment of cotton legs for socks and thought the idea a good one.

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

How They Cure

PLESISVILLE, QUE.
"I suffered from Kidney Trouble for several years, and tried numerous remedies and doctors' prescriptions without permanent relief, my case being chronic. After seeing about Gin Pills, and as it is a well known fact that Juniper, without alcohol, is excellent for the Kidneys, I decided to try Gin Pills. One single pill gave me great relief. I have now taken four boxes of Gin Pills and find myself completely cured. No more bad humor—increase in weight—clear eyes—fresh color—more strength and vigor. This is what Gin Pills have done for me."

H. POWIS HERBERT.

Your druggists sells Gin Pills 50c. a box or six boxes \$2.50. Write for free sample to

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

W. N. U. 1110

Word From Exploring Party

Prof. M. C. Tanquary Says Expedition Will Reach Home During Summer

The first member of the American Arctic Crocker Land Expedition, Professor Maurice C. Tanquary of Chicago, has arrived at Copenhagen on the steamship Ageda from Greenland. He reported good scientific results had been obtained by the expedition. The remaining members of the exploring party, which is headed by Donald B. MacMillan, have been forced to stay at North Star Bay, as the relief ship Cluitt was unable to get through the ice. The arrival of Professor Tanquary at Copenhagen is reported in a despatch from the Danish capital to the Central News Agency.

Professor Tanquary and two others of the expedition sledged all the way south overland with the object of reaching the first Danish steamer sailing, but only Tanquary succeeded in getting on the vessel. The expedition will reach home, it is expected, during the summer.

THROBBING, NEURALGIC HEADACHE CURED HEAD-SPLITTING DISTRESS VANISHES INSTANTLY

This Wonderful Curative Liniment Never Fails

RUB ON NERVILINE

Neuralgia quickly cured is twice, may, ten times cured. Little neuralgic pains grow into big ones, but Nerviline in ten minutes relieves even the worst ones. Even a single application will remove the nerve congestion that causes the pain.

Nerviline penetrates deeply into the sore tissue, reaches the source of inflammation, drives it out root and branch. Every drop of Nerviline is potent in pain-subduing power, and

its strongest charm lies in the fact that it rubs right in, even to the very last drop. Nerviline is not greasy, and its pain-removing power is at least five times greater in strength than ordinary remedies.

We guarantee Nerviline will cure neuralgia—not only relieve it, but actually and permanently cure it. Just in the same way will it cure lumbago, sciatica, stiffness and rheumatism.

To conquer all muscular and nerve pain, use Nerviline. A large bottle in the home keeps the doctor's bill small. Get the large 50c family size bottle; it is more economical than the 25c trial size. Sold by all druggists everywhere, or the Catastrozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Just Credit

Do not fear to give credit where credit is due. If we cannot do great deeds we can at least appreciate them in others. No jealous and envious spirit can rise to greatness, whatever opportunities are offered, and no broad and generous spirit can ever live an ignoble life, however circumscribed its surroundings. A whole lifetime of hum-drum duties cannot so narrow existence as does the habit of belittling the deeds and experiences of others.

Civilian—Hullo, old man, home on leave? How are things going with us out there?

Soldier—I couldn't tell you; haven't seen a newspaper for months!—London Opinion.

A Comparison in Casualties

In less than two years Germany has lost in battle over five times as many soldiers as the Union lost in four years of the Civil War. Northern losses were 67,000 killed in battle and 43,000 who died of wounds, making a total of 110,000 killed. The German killed amount to 664,000. Since the Kaiser has only about three times as large population to draw upon as had Abraham Lincoln, and as he is losing men in battle over ten times as fast, the ratio of Germany's daily loss to population is more than three times as great as was the loss of the Northern States. But Germany is not allowing so many men to die of disease as did the United States. Disease took 199,000 Union soldiers, or upward of double as many as were taken by Confederate bullets.—Philadelphia Ledger.

An Excellent Medicine For Childhood Ailments

Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent remedy for childhood ailments. They regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, banish colds and simple fevers and cure all minor ills of little ones. Concerning them Mrs. H. N. Egan, Owl's Head, N. S., writes: "I always use Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones and find them an excellent medicine for childhood ailments."

The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Wifie—Tomorrow will be my twenty-sixth birthday.

Hubby—Why, a year ago, just before our wedding, you told me you were twenty-two.

Wifie—Yes, but we women age rapidly after marriage.

Man of the House—Why did you tell my wife what time I came in this morning after I expressly told you not to?

The Cook—Sure, Oi didn't tell her. She asked me what toime ye got in an' Oi told her Oi was so busy gettin' the breakfast that Oi didn't look at the clock.

Miller's Worm Powders are a prompt relief from the attacks of worms in children. They are powerful in their action and, while leaving nothing to be desired as a worm expellant, have an invigorating effect upon the youthful system, remedying fever, biliousness, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, and other ailments that follow disorders caused by worms in the stomach and bowels.

The government of New Zealand is building a five mile railroad tunnel at a cost of nearly \$5,000,000 to give close connection between the east and west coasts of South Island.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

The Mistress—My last maid was too familiar with the policeman. I hope I can trust you?

The Maid—Oh, yes, madam; I can't bear 'em. I've been brought up to 'ate the very sight of 'em. Pa's a burglar.

"Did you get a recommendation from your last mistress?"

"Yes'm."

"Where it is?"

"Sure it wasn't worth keeping, ma'am."

Nervous & Sleepless

Take 2 Tablets at Bedtime
and you will arise feeling
Refreshed, Bright & Vigorous.

When you feel gloomy and depressed and cannot sleep, suspect your nerves. When you shrink from company and would rather be alone you are losing confidence in yourself, and that can only mean weak nerves. It is not natural to be solitary and unsociable, it shows clearly that vitality has become reduced, and the nervous system correspondingly weakened. But take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for such a condition and you will be astonished at the results, astonished at the bright new health you will gain, at the splendid vigour and vitality they will give you.

Mr. Poole, a business man of CO, Infirmary Road, Sheffield, England, says:—"I had lost all confidence in myself, and was actually afraid to meet people. The alertness and activity I had formerly possessed were gone. My digestion was feeble, and sleeplessness was terrible. But when I commenced taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets I soon felt better. Now I am as well and fit as any man of my age."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for Nervous Breakdown, Nerve and Spinal Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, Rickets, St. Vitus' Dance, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, Kidney Disease, Dyspepsia, Stomach Catarrh, Brain Fag, Headache, Palpitation, Wasting Diseases, Vital Exhaustion, Loss of Flesh, and Premature Decay. Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul Street, Toronto; one tube 50 cents, six tubes for the price of five. War Tax Extra, 2 cents per tube.

So'e Proprietors.—Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets
Britain's Greatest Remedy

GET A FREE SAMPLE
Send your name and address and 5 cents for postage, a/c, to Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, McCaul Street, Toronto, and a generous sample will be mailed you free of charge.

THE WAR A STRUGGLE FOR RIGHT OF GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE

MORAL PREPAREDNESS THE PLEA TO AMERICA

Dr. J. A. Macdonald, of Toronto, Tell the American People Why Canada is Engaged in the War, and Makes a Plea for the Preparedness of American Mind and Conscience

'My plea is for the preparedness of the American mind, of the American conscience, of the American will, was the declaration of Dr. J. A. Macdonald to a mass meeting under the auspices of the Presbyterian General Assembly held at Atlantic City recently. He spoke for more than an hour in the interest of colleges and universities and their part in the world conflict of ideas. References to Canada's part in the conflict in Europe were cheered.

What saves this world war from being, in the eyes even of a Canadian, an unredeemed and undisguised brutality is that, more than any of the great wars of history, it is a struggle not for territory but for freedom, for the freedom of the soul, for the ideals of liberty. A struggle for the right of a free people to govern themselves, and for equality of opportunity for the little kingdoms and the small nationalities; a struggle for the right to a place in the sun, not for the Great Powers alone, Britain and France and Germany and Russia, but for Belgium and Denmark and Holland and the Scandinavian countries and Greece and the Balkan States, that they, too, as freely and securely as their larger neighbors, may each be free to live their own life, to cherish their own ideals, and to make their distinctive contribution to the civilization and freedom of the world. For anything less noble Canadians, too, ought to be too proud to fight. But for anything more worthy none of the heroes and patriots of old ever had a chance to go out and die.

Proceeding, he dealt with the phases through which the nations, and particularly France and Britain, had passed in their struggle for the freedom of ideas, for the rights of the common people, and for equal justice for all classes before the law. In the world conflict of ideas there could be no neutrality and in this connection he said:

Preparedness? Yes. If America is to play any worthy part in the gigantic conflict of Ideas, which will disturb the world long after the war of Forces has spent itself, it is high time America made ready for that inevitable struggle.

But the readiness for which I plead on this occasion and in this presence is the preparedness of the American Mind, the preparedness of the American Conscience, the preparedness of the American Will.

Better, infinitely better, to go into the war at the battlefronts of Europe and on the high seas with an army and a Navy weaker and worse equipped than the most alarmist accuser of American unpreparedness in his wildest nightmare ever dreamed, than to line up in the world conflict of Ideas with an undisciplined national Mind, a scared national Conscience and an irresolute national Will. These are the Verdun battlements of your nation's life. Surrender them to the enemies of Truth and Freedom and Honor, and, no matter what happens to your battalions and your battleships, your nation will have lost its Soul.

My pleading, therefore, with you and with all Americans, in this time of national fear and international peril, is not so much for or against the preparedness policy for Navy or Army. As a Canadian that is not my business. In that national controversy I am a neutral.

But Canadians also are Americans. To us as to you in the new day of the new world the desolated war nations will look for leadership in those policies and programs that make for international peace.

Ten C. P. R. Scholarships. From 1917 onward the C. P. R. Company will award ten McGill scholarships, instead of five, as at present, to employees or sons of employees who take the University course, which includes chemical, electrical, mechanical and civil engineering.

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

Contain no acid and thus keep the leather soft, protecting it against cracking. They combine liquid and paste in a paste form and require only half the effort for a brilliant lasting shine. Easy to use for all the family—children and adults. Shine your shoes at home and keep them neat.

F. F. DALLEY CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
HAMILTON • CANADA

BLACK-WHITE-TAN 10¢ KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

From a Farmer's Wallet

Honesty in Business Transactions Pays Every Time

Have you ever heard a farmer say after he has sold a poor, wornout ox for a good price, "I got a big price for her, she was getting along in years and would not be worth much another year?" And say this right before the young folks. What kind of an education is that for boys and girls? If father is tricky, is not that a lesson in deception for the young folks? They think father is all right. What father does and says must be all right for them to do; so the world is made a little bit better.

I knew a man whose son sold a yoke of oxen. After he had the money in his hands and the oxen were gone, the old father said to his boy: "Now, my boy, that was too much for those oxen. They were not worth it. You take part of that money and give it back to the neighbor. We can't afford to take his money in any such way." But the son protested. "He agreed to the price, father. It was a fair bargain?" The old man was firm, however, and insisted that his son had over-reached and should pay back part of the money, and he finally did so. Do you suppose either of them ever lost anything by that course? As long as he lived the man who bought those oxen spoke of the farmer and his son as honest men, worthy to be believed in every spot and place. Yes, long after they were both dead and gone that story was told of them and their memory was the more fragrant for that simple little transaction.

Now, I have called this a small matter. No such thing is a small matter. It is a great matter that we shall every one of us, live the pure, clean, white life. We can get along without the money; the character we must have. And all the little things we do day by day help to make up character. Not reputation—that is only the froth whipped up by the wind on the top of the ocean depths below. Reputation is only a few lines written about us in the dust. Character is the deep-graven story of the inner life, written for eternity. —Edgar L. Vincent

Daylight Saving

Hour Taken From Sleep of Sloth Adds Millions to Wealth of World

In Europe, where saving is now so necessary, several countries have jumped all the clocks ahead an hour, with intent of economizing those valuable 60 minutes from sleep or sloth for the urgent needs of daywork. Germany alone estimates an annual saving of over \$400,000,000 a year in light and power bills.

Possibly it is a reflex of this stimulus of innovation that is displayed in a kindred proposition advanced on this side of the water whereby one of our foremost activities—Stock Exchange trading—would gain an hour. The gain would not lie in stealing any march upon the clock, but in shoving the whole trading day itself ahead 60 minutes, as measured in terms of the old reckoning and as compared with other every day activities.

And there is a real economy urged—not so much in physical light as in better distribution and use of time—in favor of the proposition recently agitated in New York to open the Exchange at nine o'clock and close at two. The usually convivial type of broker, who never appeared at the office until ten o'clock, has passed into limbo along with the "bet a million" financier and the salesman whose business "compels" him to drink. And in his stead we find the man of affairs who realizes that his mental structure is reared on a basis of physical fitness, and who, accordingly, finds on the links, the tennis courts and the broad highways, the well-being he requires.

The great American game-baseball—will bring many more devotees into the sun and open air when the market closes at two o'clock; and that extra hour of daylight, invested in out-door employment, will yield goodly dividends of health and enjoyment, whereas in its present position, before the market opens, it is simply idle funds—Boston News Bureau.

To Make Warm Clothes

Fibres of Tropical Trees Used For a Variety of Domestic Purposes

A new material has just been discovered which is likely to produce an absolute fresh British industry. This material is lighter and warmer than anything else on the market, and is made from the fibre of certain trees which grow in the tropics. It is called Credam fleece, and one thickness is sufficiently warm to line ordinary clothes, such as overcoats or dressing gowns; two thicknesses are sufficient for such military requirements as airmen's suits or motor coats.

In three or four thicknesses this Credam fleece is not only exceedingly warm for the severest of winter weather, but is sufficiently buoyant to act as a life preserver in case of a disaster at sea, and the thickness of the fleece in this case is not so great as to make the waistcoat or other garment made with it all unsightly.

Women have voted in New Zealand for twenty years. The lowest death rate for babies in the world is in New Zealand. Women also vote in Norway, Australia, Sweden, Denmark and Finland. The next lowest death rates for babies in the world are in these countries.

Why Do Boys Leave the Farm

Farmers' Sons Should be Given Some Incentive to Stay on the Farm

If the farmers' sons would remain on the farm and keep pace with the new developments in agriculture with the same degree of activity that characterizes manufacturing and other industries, the problem of maintaining fertility and supplying food for the nation would be solved.

Boys leave the farm because they are not given material encouragement to remain while they are in their "teens." The life of the average young boy on the farm is not very pleasant for man reasons. The hours of labor are long, drudgery is constant and the conveniences such as he has seen in city homes are lacking. No incentive is offered to overcome those disagreeable features. Most boys, when young, want to become farmers like their fathers. They listen to the representatives from the agricultural colleges and the well-meaning city farmer enthusiasts picture the benefits of farm life, but when they face the cold reality the following morning, they are dissatisfied and want to leave the farm.

I believe I know how the majority of farm boys feel for I was one myself, and have observed them for more than a half century. I believe that there is a remedy that will counteract the dislike for the farm which so often prevails among them, and that remedy is encouragement. Some incentive must be offered, not after boys have reached their maturity, but while they are just "kids."

The following incident, which came to my notice many years ago, fairly illustrates what I mean by incentive or encouragement, and the discouraging factor:

The doctor was visiting a patient in the country. Just as he was leaving the house, little Johnny, the farmer's eight year old son, said, "Doctor, this is my birthday and papa has given me a pig. I want you to see it." He proudly led the doctor to the pen, where he showed him a nice little black pig about a week old. He explained quite minutely the superior points of this pig and said that he was going to take care of it and when it got to be a big hog, would sell it and have "lots of money."

From time to time during the summer Johnny took great pride in showing his pig, watching it eat, and keeping it clean. Three times a day he would strut like a little man out to the pen carrying skin milk and an earful of corn, and tried to act and talk like a full grown farmer. As the summer progressed he enlarged the pen, giving his pet some extra pasture, and quite often would gather green vegetation for it. On one occasion he stated that next year he was going to buy two or three pigs with his money and ask papa to rent him a piece of ground so that he could raise his own corn. He concluded by saying that he "was going to be a farmer and raise hogs and get rich."

When the pig was ten months old, Johnny's father sold his hogs, including Johnny's. Johnny was very proud of his pig and declared it would weigh lots more than any hog on the place. The following morning the hogs were delivered at the station, and the doctor, anxious to know how much larger Johnny's pig was, because of the careful attention it had received, then his father's lot, went to see it weighed. When the hogs were being driven on the scales Johnny said, "Papa, aren't you going to weigh my pig separately?" The father in a cold way said, "My pig! Whose corn fed that pig? Get out of the way. Don't bother me." And Johnny was dumb. His lips quivered, the tears rolled down his cheeks and he walked away broken-hearted and discouraged. The next year Johnny did not raise a pig, for all incentive was taken away; all his hopes and dreams were blasted.

Today the old farm where Johnny lived is abandoned and unproductive. John is not a farmer, but a worthless, shiftless individual living in town. His ambition was blighted the day his pig was sold. What might not Johnny have become had his father taken him into partnership the day the pig was sold?

Enemy Admits Food Shortage

The Germans are at last admitting a shortage of food. A leading article in the *Die Schlesische Zeitung*, the organ of the great Cisleithian landowners, says: "It is childish to continue always to hide the truth. Let us openly admit that the difficulties that have arisen, mainly in the great towns, are caused not merely by lack of system in the distribution of the necessary articles of food, but also by the fact that the supply of such articles is inadequate."

The journal admits that grievous discontent has spread in all directions in consequence of defects in the system of dealing with the food supply, and hopes that the measures introduced in the new Imperial Food Department will improve the situation.

Un-Alien Australia

Only one per cent. of the male population of Australia were born in Germany or Austria, and as regards females scarcely more than half of one per cent. are of German or Austrian birth.

These facts are revealed in a return prepared by Mr. Knibbs, the Commonwealth Statistician, from the latest available figures.



Women Run War Hospitals

Constitute Whole Staff From Surgeons to Orderlies

A hospital in which only the patients are men is one of the war time innovations in London. It is in Endell street near Covent Garden Market, and the entire staff, from cooks to surgeons, are women. The institution is the outgrowth of a movement known as the Women's Hospital Corps. A little body of women left England for France in the early stages of the war to nurse the wounded soldiers, but later they were called back, as they were needed even more urgently to care for the many wounded soldiers brought home to England.

From this small beginning the hospital, which will accommodate 500 wounded soldiers, sprang. The wounded soldier is considerably surprised, it is well enough to take notice, to be brought to the hospital and see only women orderlies in the corridors, and women surgeons and physicians attending him.

The medical staff consists of eight surgeons under the direction of a chief surgeon, a dental surgeon, an ophthalmic surgeon, a pathologist, an X-ray operator, an anesthetist and a number of physicians. In addition, women medical students visit the hospital, and the entire administration supervision of the hospital is in women's hands.

People and Land Poorer

The shortage of meat in Berlin, Hamburg, Frankfort and Leipsic and other large cities is accounted for by the lack of nitrates by which the land—as a rule very impoverished—is nourished. Germany has for many years had to rely upon imported nitrates to keep her soil in a prolific condition. Then the shrinkage of labor on farms, and the commandeering of live stock for the needs of the German Army at the eastern and western fronts, have contributed to bring about a serious state of affairs. Political economists have held a conference in Berlin for the purpose of advising the State as to the best methods of conserving other food supplies, which may be required in a larger degree, if the war should pass into another winter.

"Asphodelia Twobles went down the tenement district yesterday to brighten the lives of the poor slum-dwellers."

"Highly commendable. What did she do for them?"

"She told them about the good time she's been having at Palm Beach."

ELDERLY WOMEN SAFEGUARDED

Tell Others How They Were Carried Safely Through Change of Life.

Durand, Wis.—"I am the mother of fourteen children and I owe my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. When I was 45 and had the Change of Life, a friend recommended it and it gave me such relief from my bad feelings that I took several bottles. I am now well and healthy and recommend your Compound to other ladies." —Mrs. MARY RIDGWAY, Durand, Wis.

A Massachusetts Woman Writes

Blackstone, Mass.—"My troubles were from my age, and I felt awfully sick for three years. I had hot flashes often and frequently suffered from pains. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now am well." —Mrs. PIERRE COURNOYER, Box 239, Blackstone, Mass.

Such warning symptoms as sense of suffocation, hot flashes, headaches, backaches, dread of impending evil, timidity, sounds in the ears, palpitation of the heart, sparks before the eyes, irregularities, constipation, variable appetite, weakness and dizziness, should be heeded by middle-aged women. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has carried many women safely through this crisis.

Why Do Boys Leave the Farm

Social Conditions are to a Great Extent Neglected

The Commission of Conservation during the year 1915 conducted an agricultural survey on over 400 farms throughout the Dominion. Various phases of farm life were investigated, and some interesting conditions presented.

Social conditions, and other incentives to keep the young people on the farms are to a great extent neglected, as may be seen from the following reports of the survey:

Ten per cent. of the farmers visited have had boys leave and go to the city. Seven per cent. have sons married who are farming. Nineteen per cent. stated that they were following some form of bookkeeping, but only one man was following a complete method. Sixty-seven per cent. take agricultural papers, seventeen per cent. take story magazines, and seventy-seven per cent. take a daily paper.

In 53 per cent. of the families visited there were young people over 14 years of age, while 31 per cent. had a horse and buggy or an automobile for the young people. Sixty-one per cent. of the farmers attended some kind of community event or events during the past year, chiefly church socials and picnics.

Here it may be stated that the rural churches have a great opportunity to develop the social life of their activities, to reach more of the young people in the country and interest them in clean amusements, sports and recreations. The local fairs also are prominent among the community events attended by the farmer. Only one of the many farmers visited mentioned attending a literary society. Twenty-five per cent. of the home had no musical instrument of any kind; 39 per cent. had pianos.

How to Save Potato Crop

Neglect of Treatment Causes a Heavy Annual Loss

From 1905 to 1915 the average annual yield of potatoes in Canada was 18,405,000 bushels, constituting one of our important field crops. The annual yield, however, is greatly lessened by the ravages of diseases and insects. The season of 1915 was admittedly one of the worst in years for late blight, and the botanical division of the central experimental farm observes that, in one small province of Canada, the loss from this disease amounted to about 2,000,000 bushels, not including loss in storage.

Potato diseases may be controlled in different ways; some by spraying, some by seed treatment and some by seed selection. For early and late blight and for flea beetles, Bordeaux mixture is very effective. By adding poison to this mixture the Colorado potato beetle is also kept in check. Numerous experiments have been made which demonstrate clearly the practical value of spraying with Bordeaux mixture. At the Vermont agriculture experiment station experiments have been conducted for many years. Over a period of 18 years the yield on the sprayed area averaged 271 bushels per acre, while the unsprayed area averaged 159 bushels per acre for the same period. The lowest gain from spraying was 26 per cent. while the average was 92 per cent. This evidence should be sufficient to convince every farmer that it pays to spray. It does not cost much and is not so troublesome as many imagine. If you have not full directions at hand write now to the nearest experimental farm or the Central Farm at Ottawa and you will receive complete instructions regarding making and applying Bordeaux mixture.—F. C. N.

Vodka Ban Big Boon to Russians

Another crushing blow to drink has been delivered by Russian military doctors, who, reporting to the Paris Academy of Medicine on the condition of the Czar's legions since the abolition of the consumption of alcohol, says:

"Since he has been deprived of alcohol poison the hardy Russian peasant is able to withstand the war's worst privations and sufferings; he has been vaccinated against typhoid, cholera and smallpox without the slightest ill effects to his health.

"The whole of the Russian army has thereby gained enormously. It would have been impossible to obtain this magnificent result, but for the stamping out of the vodka evil."

The old lady from the country and her small son were driving to town when a huge automobile bore down upon them. The horse was badly frightened and began to prance, whereupon the old lady leaped down and waved wildly to the chauffeur screaming at the top of her voice.

The chauffeur stopped the car and offered to help get the horse past.

"That's all right," said the boy, who remained composedly in the carriage. "I can manage the horse. You just lead Mother past."

Professor Airy and another world-famous mathematician are said to have spent the greater part of two days in tossing half-pennies with the view of ascertaining the relative probability of the success of "head" or "tail." They carefully noted the data produced, and subjected it to a mathematical analysis of abysmal profundity, finally arriving at the conclusion that it was "all a toss-up."

Good Roads

Good Rural Roads Are of the Utmost Value to the Farmer

One of those lovers of statistics, who spend their days in computations and their nights in figures, have calculated that there is hauled over the roads of Canada every year 100,000,000 tons of freight, for a distance of five miles per ton. The computation is based on the amount of tonnage of the railways of the Dominion, which amounts to approximately 60,000,000 tons every year, together with an additional amount for local traffic. In view of the fact that the majority of railway freight must be hauled at both ends of the journey the estimate does not seem to be exaggerated.

The cost of haulage on the roads of Canada is rarely less than 25 cents a mile so that the total cost of the haulage of produce and goods in one year reaches the enormous proportions of \$125,000,000. The estimated cost of hauling freight on the roads of Europe is estimated at from eight to twelve cents per ton mile, so that it would seem that a system of good roads extended throughout the Dominion would mean a net saving over the amount now spent of something over \$25,000,000 a year.

In view of the campaign for greater thrift it would seem that the good roads problem takes on a new aspect. It must not be forgotten also that bad roads mean a loss of time to the farmer. At the recent good roads conference at Montreal one of the engineers who has made a study of the question estimated that bad roads occasion a loss of a man and a team for twelve working days on every farm in the Dominion.

Rural roads are the primary channels of traffic. Along the roads production industry and commerce have their origin. If the common roads were closed the railway lines would decay and their rolling stock become fit for the scrap heap. The ocean liners would rust at their moorings if the roads were closed. Nations have even prospered without railways but good roads have always been vital to industrial development and national progress.

Bad roads limit the output of farms to the kind and quality of produce that can be drawn to market. Good roads permit the farmer to take advantage to the utmost of the location and fertility of his land. In other words, it may be broadly said that with bad roads the production is restricted to the amount of produce that can be hauled over the roads whereas with good roads it is restricted only by the amount and quality that can be sold on the market.

Today in the Dominion of Canada there are about 250,000 miles of graded roads, according to an estimate made for the Dominion government by Mr. W. A. MacLean, deputy minister of highways for Ontario. It should be the objective of every municipality in Canada to do its share in improving the roads within its boundaries by steady and persistent effort so that their cumulative efforts may one day see Canada a network of splendid highways and a network of branches linked up in some comprehensive plan.—Saskatoon Star.

Report on Waterworks

Valuable Edition Recently Issued by the Commission of Conservation

A new edition of "Waterworks and Sewerage Systems of Canada," by Leo G. Denis, has just been issued by the Commission of Conservation. In the present report the various physical and financial data respecting waterworks have been brought up to date and a new section on sewerage systems has been added. The book is a royal octavo volume, handsomely bound in cloth, contains 176 pages of text and is well illustrated with 25 half-tones and 5 diagrams.

In the year of Confederation there were only 7 waterworks plants in Canada; today there are 528. These have been built at a total cost of \$123,725,633 and entail an annual maintenance charge of \$4,558,539. The total daily consumption is 426,877,000 imperial gallons, which gives an average daily consumption per capita of 111 gallons, ranging from 50 gallons in Manitoba to 143 in New Brunswick.

There are 206 plants supplied from springs or wells and 322 from lakes or streams. In 72 plants the water is filtered and in 21 plants it is treated with hypochlorite. The municipality owned plants number 396. As to rates, where specified, it is shown that flat rates are used in 203 cases, meters in 30, and both flat and meter in 141.

There are 279 sewerage systems in Canada, having an aggregate mileage of 4,223 and which have been built at total cost of \$74,504,418. In only 75 municipalities is the sewage treated. Proportionally to population, the West, with 28 treatment plants, makes a much better showing than the East, with 47. The total cost of the treatment plants is \$3,218,935.

A quarryman in Pennsylvania caught a carp in a stream near his home and found a diamond ring in it while he was cleaning the fish for his supper. He took the ring to a jeweller, and found that it was worth \$100. It is believed that the ring dropped from the finger of a fisherman or bather and was sucked out of the mud by the fish.

"Now, my little girl, tell me," said a Sunday school superintendent, "which you would rather be—beautiful or good?" "I think," the little girl answered thoughtfully, "that I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."

Working Your Eight Hours

The Secret of Success in Your Life's Work Lies in Industry

Generally speaking, a man 60 years old has slept twenty years, played 20 years and worked 20 years. That is to say, he has divided each day of his life as follows: Eight hours of sleep, eight hours for pleasure and recreation and eight hours for work.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule; but the man who violates this division of his day for any considerable length of time in the end likely will pay the piper. If he sleeps too much, he's a dope; if he plays too much, he vegetates and disqualifies himself for work; if he works too much, he breaks down.

Only a third of one's life seems a small proportion to devote to work. It would seem that a man could not accomplish much who devoted two-thirds of his life to sleep and recreation, and some men do not accomplish much; but that is because they do not make the most of their working hours.

The secret of successful accomplishment in the day's work—the secret of success in your life's work, lies in industry—duly daily and gather wool and chew your pencil and run to the window when you hear the fire engine coming. Keep eternally on your job in the office from the time you hang up your hat in the morning until the clock strikes at quitting time. Make a chip fly every second—concentrate every ounce of mental or physical energy on the work at hand—let there be no lost motion, no cerebral vibration—maintain yourself at the highest degree of efficiency.

If you do this for eight hours every day you'll be heard from ere you are long on the job—men will marvel at your achievements—you won't have much competition. The reason why one man can do in two hours what another man accomplishes with difficulty in eight is not hard to find if you watch both workers for a few minutes.—Boston Globe.

Mastication or Starvation

The Germans have just hit upon the practice of thorough mastication as, to quote the words of the "Koelische Volkszeitung," "a weapon in our armory against England's war of starvation."

A schoolmaster contributor to the journal named, finding his exhortations concerning the patriotic value of thorough chewing fell on deaf ears when addressed to his pupils, had the happy thought of ordering each to bring an unbuttered piece of black bread to school, and put them through a regular chewing drill. "Each one had to bite off a regular piece and chew this as long as possible without making a swallowing movement." The result was that the boys could only get rid of a quarter of their bread in the time at their disposal, and the rest was spared.

Three-quarters saved was certainly a great gain; but it rather recalls the story of the horse whose master was teaching it to live on nothing. If we remember aright, the poor thing died when it had got down to one straw a day.

Germany's Next Harvest a Failure

The Daily Telegraph of Rotterdam correspondent says that according to reliable information he has received Germany's next harvest is bound to be a failure.

"It is this hopeless prospect for the future," he says, "that has impelled the German Government to a desperate peace venture through the medium of negotiations with the United States.

"The failure of the harvest is due entirely to the blockade. German crops will be poor because the British navy has cut off from Germany all its overseas supplies, first, of cattle feeding stuffs, second, of artificial fertilizers.

In all parts of the Empire farmers have reported that their land will not this year bear its full yield.

"With this fact now before it, the Government knows that even if staved off in the meantime famine next winter is inevitable."

Holland and the War

Sir Edward Russell, one of the best informed of British journalists, had this to say in a recent issue of The Liverpool Daily Post:—"Some six years ago when the present writer was in Holland the Dutch upper classes talked of the war between England and Germany as being inevitable. If England was defeated, one heard on all sides, then Holland's only resource against annexation by Germany would be the opening of the dikes. That

feeling has never changed during the present war, though Germany has lavished money galore on its small neighbors.

It can be said with emphasis that never before has our Foreign Office been in such close relation to the Dutch Government.

Before the close of the summer some interesting developments are quite possible in that

of our country and truth to ourselves. That is the clarion call.—Montreal Family Herald.

The Clarion Call

The Duty of Everyone to Contribute to the Success of the War

Last year Canada responded magnificently to the call of the Empire. The soil was cultivated to its utmost limit, with the result that a bountiful harvest was reaped. Boys and girls united with their parents in showing the good will and the proud national spirit that they possessed. They bent their energies towards making the land produce all that it was capable of doing.

The times were not financially good and bitter experience had been had with crop failure in the previous year. Nothing daunted they went to work with determined will and persistence and they reaped where they had sown. When the crops were gathered granaries were full to overflowing. Canada had cause for the celebration of the greatest, most intense, most earnest thanksgiving she had ever known. That there was no unmindfulness of the source from which all blessings flow was shown in action as well as in words. Patriotic gifts came from many directions in many ways. The women worked with life and love. They gave the fruits of their labor and they gave their offspring. The men devoted their acres and their services to the cause of the Empire. Boys and girls cultivated what they termed war-plots. The yields from which went towards filling the exchequer of patriotism. There were slackers then, there were Scrooges then, there are the same elements today, but the evidences of sympathy far overshadow the discordance and such a front of union was displayed as commanded the respect and admiration of the world.

This year there must be no backing up. Even the unwilling of last year, the Scrooges and the men and women who put personal profit before love of country, must, if possible, be brought into line. The situation is more intense than it was. There is more suffering, there are more widows and orphans, and there are twice as many men on the fighting line and under arms. As the war progresses the slaughter becomes greater, more shipping and more property are ruthlessly destroyed, and the cry for help is keener. Were it not for the British Navy our allegiance would cost us dear. Were it not for the united armies and for the organization for protection from assassins, traitors, and incendiaries, that exists in our own land, we should be at the mercy of the same cruel forces that have overrun and laid waste Belgium, Poland and Serbia. We should be taxed beyond all bearing. We might even practically be slaves, working not for ourselves, but for tyrannical taxmasters, for men compared with whom, judging from some of their actions, Legree, the novelist's type of a brutal, cruel slavedriver, was, in deeds of villainy and harshness, no worse.

The future of the Empire rested in a large measure with Canada at the beginning. It rests with us to a greater extent now. We have increased our responsibility. We have voluntarily added to the weight of our share of the titanic burden. We must bear the self-imposed load cheerfully and generously. We must show our worthiness of the trust assumed. We must prove our appreciation of the high and honorable partnership into which we have entered. We must do all this and we must perform our tasks with, if at all possible, increased zeal. To halt or pause would be fatal. Our works of charity must continue to the full and be added to. Our eye, not only on the present but also on the future, must never hesitate or waver. When peace comes our granaries and our stalls must be full.

Today we are called upon to do our share of the fighting, to care for the sick and wounded, to honor the dead and to admire the living heroes and they are all heroes who go forth—tomorrow we may be summoned to replenish the earth, to help in the arts of peace, and to do all we can to assist in repairing the terrible ravages of a war that has taken on such proportions in magnitude and savagery that even "Armageddon" is scarcely thought a fitting descriptive term. In short, it is our duty to be prepared for any and every eventuality, both present and future. At war, we are yet not at war. We can plough, sow and reap and tend our flocks and herds undisturbed by the thunder of artillery. We can carry on our industries without let or hindrance. We can win glory on the battlefield or we can live our own lives amid peace and plenty. All that is demanded is remembrance of our country and truth to ourselves. That is the clarion call.—Montreal Family Herald.

Farm Lands will Increase in Value

The pioneer stage of farming is over. Another generation will see the last of the free land snapped up. The younger men among us will find land values increased during their day in proportion to the dearth of land and the increase of demand. Idle acres will slowly come into use. Wildcat speculation will gradually sober down. Time will bring about the adjustment of the type of farming to the soil and market conditions of the locality. We shall hear less of big money crops. We shall find more of solid farming values and real contentment.

Bertie—Papa, do they have doctors to treat pigs? Papa—Yes, my son; only they are not called doctors, but veterinary surgeons. Why do you ask? Bertie—I was just wondering who cured bacon.

The Great Bagdad Stake

Capture by Allies Would Change the Moslem Order

The chief significance of the Anglo-Russian campaign in Mesopotamia lies in the one fact that Bagdad, the strategic aim of the conflict, has been the seat of the Caliphate in the past and is one of the recognized centres of the power of Islam today.

In dealing with Turkey and the Turks one must take account of a simple but tremendous fact—that, far from being a solitary individual or power, the power is rather one backed more or less unanimously and vigorously by sentiment of the Mohammedan world outside the Turkish Empire. The Kaiser, a skillful diplomat as well as a trained soldier, has had the shrewdness to make this fact the very cornerstone of his foreign policy relative to Turkey since the beginning of his reign.

The climax was reserved for our day. The great war was declared on Aug. 1, 1914. While none of Turkey's rights were in peril and all her interests required a attitude of absolute neutrality, yet three months later she surprised the world by jumping into the ring of fire on the side of the Central Powers. Two things induced her to take the momentous step—the pleasure of fighting somebody and the promise of one-fifth of the huge indemnity which Germany hoped to exact out of prostrate France and England. In return for this double favor she promised to make a two-fold contribution to the alliance—that is, the resources of the Turkish army and navy, declared war against the Allies, and a few days later, in the capacity of Caliph, solemnly called upon the Mohammedan states and races anywhere on earth to join in a holy war—a summons which had not sounded for centuries. On that day England and France and Russia became "infidel" states in the eyes of the Mohammedan world. The proper punishment for an "infidel" is death, according to Islam.

England, who strangely enough governs the largest Mohammedan community on earth (65,000,000 in India alone,) and Russia, who has many millions of them within her dominions, were, of course, fully cognizant of the logical possibilities of the Sultan's challenge. They reasoned that as a counterstroke nothing would be as effective as the capture of the nearest stronghold of the Caliph's influence. In accordance with the agreement on Nov. 3, 1914, the Sultan, as commander in chief of the Ottoman army and navy, declared war against the Allies, and a few days later, in the capacity of Caliph, solemnly called upon the Mohammedan states and races anywhere on earth to join in a holy war—a summons which had not sounded for centuries. On that day England and France and Russia became "infidel" states in the eyes of the Mohammedan world. The proper punishment for an "infidel" is death, according to Islam.

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Serbian Relief

So many demands have been made on public generosity as a result of the war that there might be hesitancy in preserving another if the needs were not so great. The Canadian public have met all demands nobly, but it is still safe to say that those who are staying at home in peace are contributing very much less than those who have gone to fight for the cause of human liberty. Compared with some of the unfortunate countries of Europe Canada scarcely knows she is at war.

One of the most unfortunate of the little nations, in whose cause our Empire has taken up this great fight, is Serbia. It was the spirit of the Serbian people, which refused to abuse itself before Austria and Germany, that was used as a pretext by those nations for this war, and Serbia has suffered for her liberty perhaps even more than Belgium, although the distress of the Serbian people has not been so prominently before the Canadian public.

The recent visit of Mrs. Pankhurst to Calgary resulted in the organization of a branch of the Canadian Serbian Relief Society with Mr. J. S. Dennis, Assistant to the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as president and Rev. Cox Clarke of Calgary, secretary treasurer. A committee of prominent men and women complete the organization, and an appeal is now made for funds to assist the families of our destitute allies in Serbia.

Contributions may be made in goods but cash is preferred as it can be forwarded more quickly and gives more immediate relief.

The need is very great and it is felt that this appeal will not fall unheeded by the people of Alberta. Already some substantial contributions have been received, and others, sent either to Mr. Dennis or

to Rev. Cox Clarke, 509 18th Ave., West, Calgary, will be promptly acknowledged and at once placed in the way of assisting a noble people who are reduced to destitution by the ravages of war.

To The Farmer

The breeding of horses has become a matter of prime necessity. Before the war commenced there was a slump in prices owing to financial conditions and the inroads of motor power that led to a cessation of breeding. Then the war came with its demand for certain classes. Following the previous decline in the demand many farmers sacrificed their mares. The result is a serious depletion and a sure scarcity.

The demand is increasing and will continue to increase long after peace has been declared. If Canada is to take advantage of the situation the time to start in is now. There will be an assured market demand for foals at weaning time from mares bred now.

Not only has the wastage by reason of war been enormous, but in all the belligerent countries, not omitting Great Britain, there has either been a partial stoppage or a whole stoppage of breeding by reason of the scarcity of labour, the disturbed conditions, or entire devastation.

Whether the war lasts or ceases there must continue an undiminished demand for horses. When peace comes there will be a long period of replenishment. Then quality as much and even more than quantity will be required. Hence the evident call to every Canadian farmer to breed to the best available, to utilize his mares for production and to secure the immediate services of the best pure bred sires of type in his neighborhood. It will pay,

This appeal is addressed to you their fathers and mothers! Production along this line is patriotism.

Then what about waste material? Old paper and rags are needed in our industries, so are metals and bottles and rubber and a score of other things. The country needs material and cannot afford to have waste. The saving and use of waste are as important as production. Boys and girls can make money out of scrap.

The soldiers at the front would like to get news from home. Boys and girls can send them some papers. Wrap up the papers and mail them to The Canadian Red Cross, 14 Cockspur Street, London, S. W., England.

Boys and Girls as Workers

"Every one at work" is the call during War Time. The more men recruited, the greater the responsibility on those left at home. Men who have worked hard and saved some money so as to spend their old age in comfort will be turning in again to help their sons on the farms or will step in to take the places of sons who have joined the colors. Women, the busiest of whom seem always able to do something more, will be dividing their time between household duties and outdoor work. Young men from the farm will no doubt cut short their term at school or college and lend a hand at spring work and stay with the farm operations until the crops are harvested. Large numbers of soldiers will get temporary leave. Are there any others who can lend a hand in producing? What about the boys and girls who have been receiving instruction in school gardening? A pamphlet just issued by the Dominion Department of Agriculture sets forth in illustrated and descriptive form how school garded work has been carried on in all the provinces of Canada. What are the boys and girls doing now? What is their education and training worth? Here is their opportunity to demonstrate at home in the most practical manner what they have been taught at school. The boys and girls of Canada, thousands in number, should be able to do their bit in conducting small gardens at home. Boys and girls patriotic gardens should produce tons upon tons of fresh vegetables for their home supply and they can readily learn how to put up the surplus for winter use. What pleasure they can get this year in growing food in the home garden and thus helping

PICNIC and Lawn Social

— In Aid of the —
RED CROSS FUND
To be held at **R. A. KEMBRY'S**
Place, on S. W. 22-32-3-5, near Har-
matan and Westerdale

Wednesday, July 12th
at 1 o'clock

GAMES:
Tennis, Bowls, Croquet, Baseball, Etc.
Races and other Sports, Rummage Sale
Good Musical Programme
Refreshments of all Kinds

DANCE ON THE LAWN IN THE EVENING

LADIES! please bring **BASKETS**;
also **ARTICLES** for **SALE**
Gentlemen, 25c; **Dancing, 50c**
EVERYBODY WELCOME

G. B. Sexsmith's Hail Insurance Companies will extend insurance until 31st September.

STRAYED—\$5 REWARD

From my premises, the S. E. 1-4 Section 2, Tp. 32, Rge. 2, W. 4th M., about the middle of June, 2 small yearling bulls, one about half black and white, and the other almost black with just a little white. No brand. \$5.00 reward for information leading to recovery. J. A. Adam, Didsbury P. O. J26p

PAY WHEN YOU GRADUATE

Our pay-when-you-get-a-position plan speaks of our unbounded confidence in our ability to place all our graduates in good positions. No other school offers it. Such is the demand for Garbutt graduates we can and do. During May alone we had forty-four requests for stenographers and bookkeepers. Write to the principal, F. G. Garbutt, for information concerning this credit plan before it is withdrawn. Whether for cash or credit it pays to attend the best school.

GARBUTT BUSINESS COLLEGE**THE PRESERVING SEASON IS ON**

We have made arrangements to buy our preserving fruits direct from B. C.---and in this way we can give our patrons the middle man's profit

You will do well to get our prices before buying your fruit

Strawberries, and Cherries are on for preserving this week, and the other small fruits will follow in time

We have a fresh supply of new Cabbage, Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Watermelons, Cantelope, Oranges, and Bananas

The following list contains a few of our **GROCERY SPECIALS** for the week end

Groceries

Rolled Oats, 8 lbs. for	30c
Corn Meal, 10 lbs. for	40c
Wheatlets, 10 lbs. for	40c
Corn Flakes, 7 pkgs. for	50c
Shredded Wheat Biscuits, 2 for	25c

Groceries

Macaroni, 5 lbs. box	40c
5 Tins Corn for	55c
5 Tins Beans for	55c
5 Tins Peas for	55c
5 Tins Salmon for	55c

Smoked Meats

Peameal Shoulder, per lb.	22c
Tong Clear Bacon per lb.	22c
Bologna, per lb.	12 1-2c
Fresh Pork Sausage, 2 lbs.	25c
Pea Meal Backs, per lb.	28c
Breakfast Bacon, per lb.	28c

Lard, Tea, Etc.

Corn Starch 3 pkgs. for	25c
Perfection Coffee, 3 lbs.	\$1.00
Victoria Cross Tea, 3 lbs.	\$1.10
Lard, Compound, 3 lbs.	55c
" " 5 lbs.	80c
" " 10 lbs.	\$1.60
" " 20 lbs.	\$3.00

7 Cans Tomatoes, 3 lb. tins for \$1.00

"Our Best" Flour, per 100 lbs., \$3.25

Butter and Eggs Wanted at Highest Market Prices

We aim to please our patrons. Let us fill your week end orders, and you will be convinced.

WILLIAMS & LITTLE, - Didsbury

THE BORDERLAND

JACK DALRYMPLE stretched out his right arm very cautiously and groped feebly, with a hand which hardly seemed his own, for the wall of his tent. No, he could not reach it; and he dared not move an inch, or his slowly reawakening faculties told him, something terrible was bound to happen. But what? Pain—horrible, grinding, insufferable pain—came the answer.

He lay in a strange, unreal world, where loud noises he could not understand worried him, and where everything was dark. His hand fell wearily to his side, and in falling struck against a stone. With the slight shock his senses returned more fully, and he remembered! Not all at once, out little by little. First, the long day's advance—a wearisome business—during which the troops were incessantly sniped at by an invisible foe, who hid snugly behind rocks and picked off man after man; then, at last, when patience and endurance were nearly exhausted, the order to charge. It had been good to hear; and good, too, it had been to see the Afidis driven back. But that was soon over; and then came the slow, weary retreat—a retreat which was one continuous rear-guard action, with a harrassing foe always pressing them more and more closely.

The country was very difficult, and every moment matters grew more critical. Each casualty added to their difficulties, for officers and men alike were determined to leave none of their wounded to the tender mercies of the tribesmen. They all knew too well what that would mean. Slowly and painfully the numbered column forced its way to the mouth of the ravine. The position was one which called forth dogged powers of endurance, for no reprisals were possible now; they could only bear, and hope for the end—an end which was almost in sight, for the increasing width of the valley meant the cessation of hostilities.

How well A Company had done! It gave Dalrymple a glow of satisfaction even now to remember the steadiness and devotion of the men, every one of them known to him personally. The post of honor in rear of all had been theirs. They had retired steadily by half companies, and he had remained with the rear half-company, and had kept a few of his best runners to pour heavy fire on the enemy while the rest retired over an open space of two or three hundred yards; then, the retreat covered, he with his handful of men had made a dash to rejoin the others. Hay fell just in front of him. He remembered stopping to help Hay, and then nothing more; but the pain in his right leg and in his head told him plainly enough what had happened. His leg was broken, and in falling he had doubtless struck his head against a rock.

And so this was the end!

It was night, and very dark and cold. He wondered how he had been overlooked. But then Hay had fallen among the rocks, and either they had not been missed or the men had thought them dead. They would never have left them otherwise—unless, indeed, it had been impossible to come back for them. That night well have been. Surely, however, they would send out a party from camp. He could not feel sure of that, though.

It had been a bad day, with many casualties, and there was bound to be a certain amount of confusion. Hay was his color sergeant, too—worse luck! Where was the poor chap he wondered. He felt around very cautiously, for the slightest movement was agony. Ah, here he was. His hand touched something cold—cold and very still. Yes, that was Hay; and such a good fellow, too—so keen on A Company. Any man in the company could have been better spared. Well, war was a cruel, impossible business, not to be understood.

Presently he felt worried about the company. He would miss Hay terribly. He wondered whom the colonel would give him in his place, for the last few days' campaigning had knocked out many of the best sergeants by sickness or bullets. Then quite suddenly the thought struck him—came right home to him—that in all probability his connection with A Company was as much ended as Hay's. That was a facer; and he lay very still, trying to think.

It seemed quite impossible that he, Captain John Colin Dalrymple of the Blankshires, was to die—come to an end, here, now, this very night, on the Afidis hills. And yet he knew—unless help came, and that before morning—nothing was more certain. He did not feel the prospect so unnerving or surprising as he would have met it in the ordinary garrison life of the plains. Death in many forms had grown sadly familiar in the last few weeks. Drummond, Scott, Grey and in a moment of not fighting, poor Drummond after sufferings that made death a relief to all. The pain of his wound, too, claimed the greater part of his attention; it was agonizing, and his thirst was terrible, and he felt too weak to care much what happened. On the whole, he rather envied Hay. His troubles were over. It would be a long, long night, for the moon had not yet risen, and at the best there was no prospect of help for some hours. A bad lookout! How his shattered leg ached! If only he could sleep, or lapse into unconsciousness again, what a mercy it would be.

With great care he shifted his position slightly, and as he did so he saw some figures groping about among the rocks. At once, with reviving hopes,

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

he felt better; a few more moments and he would be cared for and safe—comparatively, at least. He raised himself painfully on his elbow. He could manage to shout, he thought; and then he noticed that these figures had none of the outlines of Europeans. True, the light was bad; but he could see well enough the shape of the turbans and the jumby fur coats they wore. His disappointment was terrible, and theulsion of feeling from intense relief to shrinking dread almost unbearable. He fell back half-fainting as he realized that these were the *scum* of the enemy—mild-monger thieves and murderers. Horrible stories of tortures practised on helpless prisoners came back to him. It would have been bad enough, a desperate position indeed, if he had been well and strong; but now—now, when he felt the tenderest touch would be torture! His heart failed him, and the longed-for unconsciousness came very near. He thrust it off; he knew he must keep his senses and summon up all his courage. He was a really brave man—a hardy Scotchman, with great powers of endurance and a very strong endowment to live. And yet—and yet—he was possessed, plagued, haunted by a few lines which he had read in some idle moment long ago, and which he only partly remembered. Half a dozen times already he had refused to think of them, had banished them resolutely from his mind. But now they were hammering in his head, keeping time to each intolerable throb of pain, clamoring to be heard:

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out
your brains,
An' go, go, go, like a soldier of the
Queen.

Well, perhaps it wasn't such bad advice. He could see those groping devils busy with a group not so very far off. All those men were dead, though—lucky chaps!

Hay's rifle must be somewhere quite near. As for rolling, he didn't think he could roll; but he might crawl. And here there came a long blank in his thoughts, an interval when pain filled everything, when there was nothing but pain everywhere. But there—it was lone! He was shaking and gasping, his breath coming in noisy sobs which he tried in vain to stop; only half-conscious, but with sense enough to know he had the rifle under his hand. How long had he taken to reach it? He had never known in all his healthy, strong young life that any one could suffer as he had done. He lay flat, half-fainting. For the time he was spent. He cared less about everything now he had the rifle. There was only one cartridge left, but he was not likely to bungle a shot like that. Later, he wondered if he might be afraid to die; but after a little thought he found that he was not. He had a great confidence in the God of Battles, who would surely make allowance for His soldiers. Just God and himself, with no religions or dogmas or priesthoods. No, he did not feel afraid; he knew he would be understood.

Had Scott and Grey and Drummond got too far in the strange other world for him to overtake them? He wondered. He hoped not. Poor little Drummond! It seemed only an hour ago that he had been writing to Drummond's mother a long letter, and mostly lies—but lies that would be forgiven, he knew; and soon someone would write the same kind of letter to Molly.

"Go, go, go." Yes, that would be very easy, and over in a moment; and what chance had he of seeing the morning?

It seemed to Jack Dalrymple that he lay still for a long time; the pain died away slowly, and now he only wanted to be left in peace. He slipped in his precious cartridge and waited, and his degrees his nerves settled down again and his head felt clearer. He could think things out now in the little time he had left; he even dared to think of Molly—Molly, who had been deep in his heart and mind all the while.

It was all very fine for those foolish lines to jingle-jangle in his head; but what would become of Molly and the boy? Molly would forgive him if she knew, and she was never likely to know; but he should know himself for a coward if he gave up one chance of life. But then, again, the chance was such a small one, and the risk fearful. He shuddered and strained his eyes. Yes, they were there, prowling from rock to rock. The moon was high now, and he could see distinctly. They were taking their time, the brutes! Sometimes they carried a man away, sometimes apparently rifled his pockets; but always kept steadily on, missing no one. He shivered, surely it was nearly time to use that cartridge. Nearly, but not quite; it wouldn't take a moment. He turned his thoughts back to his wife. How would she live! And little Jocky! There was her pension—forty pounds, and ten pounds for Jocky. He thought the Government would double it, as he was killed on service—that would be one hundred pounds—and he had about one hundred and fifty pounds a year of his own. That made two hundred and fifty pounds—that was all, two hundred and fifty pounds a year for the rest of his days. Just enough not to starve on. His poor, pretty, Molly, and he had meant to give her such a happy life! Well, they had been happy; but three years was too short. He couldn't die and leave her—so soon; but he dared not let himself dwell on that. How often they had made calculations together—or rather he had, and Molly had listened. It had been all rather a struggle and an anxious time, and then only two months ago he had got his company. How delighted they had been. The rise in pay was considerable to

their modest ideas, and perhaps they had been rather rash; but the new furniture had looked so nice, and Molly had been so proud of her pretty house, and in a few months they would have paid everything off. But now—There was part of his new uniform, too, that wasn't paid for, either. Of course it would be sold with the furniture, but neither would fetch what it had cost. What day of the month was it? The 6th or the 7th only, and his pay would stop from today. The Queen's Military Widows' Fund would pay her way home—that was one comfort. How glad he was he had joined when he married!

Molly was at Pindi, the nearest she could get to the front. Poor little woman, now would she hear the news! He knew the house where she was staying with the colonel's wife. Thank God! she wasn't alone; and Mrs. Ames was a kind woman, and would be good to his poor little darling. They would tell her that he had died instantaneously, never moved again. It was lucky that no one would ever know. The colonel would telegraph, he supposed. He could see the unconcerned telegraph coolie slouching up to the verandah, and the two women sitting there.

And then he dozed off again, but he roused himself with a new idea. Molly was very pretty; she might marry again. Oh, not soon! He could not bear the idea of that—his own little wife. She would never forget him, of that he was sure; but sometime. It would be the best thing for her—the only thing, in fact; and of course there were lots of good fellows who would be good to her, and good to little Jock, too. But somehow none of them seemed good enough for Molly. His thoughts just wandered on of themselves—he really had very little control of them; and presently he found himself going through a list of his friends. Some of them were married, and several were dead—dead in the last few days. How about Graham? He was quite a good fellow, but what you would call a man's man—a good sporting chap—and with money, too; but Dalrymple had an idea that he was a bit spoiled, and he would want his wife to go his way in everything. He'd take her out shooting in the hot weather, and expect her to be as strong as a horse, and Molly was not strong. Then there was Lister. He was more dependable, certainly, and he would take care of his wife; but then he was of a jealous temperament, not too good-tempered, and poor, too; and Dalrymple was strongly of opinion that his successor had better be well off. And so he wandered on, rejecting one possible husband after another. No, he really could not afford to die. He could not, would not, leave Molly yet if by any means in his power he could escape.

He took a good look around, and the stronger light showed him that if he could only crawl a few yards he would be much more securely hidden. He measured the distance with his eye; only a few yards, and could he do it? He—one of the best runners in the army—and he was wondering if, to save his life, he could cover those few miserable yards! He must take the rifle, too. He unloaded it first, and that was no easy matter; his strong brown fingers were as weak and useless as a child's. How he wished he could drag Hay with him. But that was obviously an impossibility. He could not feel quite certain that Hay was dead. Then he started. How his broken leg dragged behind! He was stiffer now, and the progress was more agonizing even than before; but inch by inch he made his way. There were long pauses, when he lay flat on his face and felt that he must give in; but the thought of Molly had reawakened his love of life, and always after a few moments' respite he struggled on ares, until at last he lay exhausted under the friendly rock.

The sinister figures were very near when he recovered sufficiently to look out from his shelter. They were proceeding as systematically as before; very soon they would reach Hay, and after Hay his turn would come—if they saw him. Suddenly a new and horrible thought struck him. How could he lie there and see them ill-treat Hay, one of his "men"? Just suppose Hay were still alive! Could he keep that last cartridge to save himself pain while he watched Hay suffer? And yet to part with it, when Hay might be beyond suffering, would be a bitter sacrifice! Surely he was not called upon to do that! And all the time he knew he was, and that the moment Hay was touched he would fire; every instinct of his nature and all the traditions in which he had been reared drove him to that decision. He, an officer, to protect himself while one of his men was tortured! No; he might be coward enough to tremble at the thought of more suffering, but he was not coward enough to purchase escape at such a price. His mind was made up, and yet the extraordinary fact remained that a voice in his ear urged him against his decision. Surely his guardian angel—his subconscious self, his conscience, call it what you will—might have applauded; but no! All the while he heard quite distinctly the words, "Do not shoot!" "You must not fire!" "Do not shoot!" repeated over and over again. Now it was only a murmur, now so loud that he thought the tribesmen would hear; the voice urged him all the time insistently; it assured him Hay was dead, quite dead, and repented over and over again, "Do not fire! Do not fire!" Dalrymple felt so certain once or twice that an actual living voice was speaking that he looked over his shoulder; but no one was there, only an icy wind struck on his cheek. He was on his face now, with the rifle held against his shoulder. He couldn't miss at this distance. One of them had nearly touched Hay, and he covered the stooping figure; but his hand shook a little, and he waited, trying to steady himself, when "Do not fire!" sounded still

more imperatively in his ear. It was not a suggestion this time; it was a command, and just at that moment the man who was stooping raised himself suddenly and shouted in excited tones, "Brandy, jaldi lau!" ("Bring brandy quickly!")

The rifle slipped from Dalrymple's hand, fortunately without an accident. So that was Major Cameron, their warm-hearted, able Scotch doctor. He remembered now that the doctor had been wearing a turban for days, and all the officers wore turbans. The other men must be the native stretcher-bearers. The noise of the rifle falling brought Major Cameron running to him.

"By Jove, man, this is grand!" he exclaimed. "I've been here two hours seeking ye. Why did ye no' git me a call? Man, I'm thankful! Can ye hold on a bit longer? There's just a chance for the poor fellow yonder. I'll be with ye in a moment or two." And he was gone.

So the terrible experience ended. Dalrymple does not often speak of the time when a corner of the veil which divides the natural world from the supernatural was lifted for him. This is a skeptical age. When he told Major Cameron, the man of science said, "Fever, I'm thinking." His friend said, "You were wandering, old chap!" But he knows the voice was real; with his own ears he heard, and he and Molly believe it came from the Great Beyond. Sometimes he wonders if he will ever hear it again, and where, and when. But of this he never speaks—not even to his wife.

A NEW METAL FOR TOOLS

APPARENTLY we need not fear that the world will be deprived of cutting-tools when the supply of iron gives out. It has been discovered that an alloy of cobalt and chromium is an excellent substitute for steel and has, in addition, one valuable property that steel does not show—it will not tarnish or rust. Elwood Haynes, the inventor, describes this interesting alloy, which he has named "stellite," in the Scientific American Supplement. It is apparently not yet in shape to be manufactured commercially, but has fascinating possibilities. Mr. Haynes notes at the outset that there is just one serious objection to steel, as an element for cutting-instruments, and that is its susceptibility to corrosion or rust. No matter how highly finished a steel tool may be, constant vigilance is necessary to protect it from rusting. There is thus plenty of room for Mr. Haynes' new metal. We read:

"There has been much discussion regarding the conditions which bring about the rusting of iron and steel, but it is not my purpose to consider these conditions, but to consider a new alloy which not only rivals steel in cutting qualities, but also possesses a resistance to atmospheric influences which perhaps equals only by gold and the metals of the platinum group.

"When the arsenide (of cobalt) was found in large quantity in and about the town of Cobalt, Ont., in connection with the mining of silver, an over-production of cobalt ore soon occurred, as this substance became a by-product in the mining of silver. An outlet for this material was sought in vain, as no practical use could be found for either the metal or its compounds, aside from those mentioned above."

About 1895, Mr. Haynes goes on to say, he made some experiments on alloys of nickel with iron, chromium, etc., and a few years later he added a small amount of aluminum, making a hard, brittle metal, which could not be worked under the hammer, although he made from it a pocket-knife blade which showed fair cutting qualities, and considerable resistance to atmospheric influences. A little later he produced a combination of chromium and cobalt, which, notwithstanding its hardness, showed considerable malleability, and it occurred to him that the alloy would be suitable for cutlery, if it could be obtained in sufficient quantity. To quote further:

"Shortly after making these experiments I was called actively into the automobile business, and did not make further experiments on either of these alloys for the next three or four years. I then took the matter up for ignition metal, and succeeded in making both alloys in considerable quantity. The fusions were first made in an electric furnace, but afterward I succeeded in melting the metal in a small furnace of special construction, operated by natural gas. After some experimenting I became able to melt the metal to a perfect fluid, and cast it into bars ranging from $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch square. I found that the metal worked readily at red heat, although it showed a tendency to check at the edges when hammered out into strips.

"After some experimenting, I was

able to produce metal that would forge out perfectly into thin strips, which showed no tendency to check. After cooling, these strips were as hard as mild-tempered steel, and could scarcely be scratched by a file. A kitchen knife-blade was made from this material, and used for all sorts of purposes, such as are known only to the culinary art. After two years of use, it showed not the faintest sign of tarnishing, and if held in the sun, it produced a reflection that would dazzle the eye.

"In color, the metal stands between silver and steel, and if suitably polished, it shows a high lustre. I have thus far made no physical tests of the forged metal, but a cast bar showed an elastic limit of 79,000 pounds, an elongation of 3 per cent., and an ultimate strength of 96,000 pounds to the square inch, cross section. A test was also made of the modulus of elasticity of the material, which was found to be fully equal to that of steel. These tests were made on one of the first bars produced, and I am pretty well satisfied that much higher results could now be obtained.

"Notwithstanding the great hardness

of the alloy, it not only forges readily at a red heat, but can be beat at a right angle cold, either in the form of a cast or forged bar, provided the dimensions do not exceed one-fourth inch square. Its elastic limit is not quite equal to that of tool steel of the same hardness, but it is much tougher. Samples can also be made showing much greater hardness than those described above, but the breaking strain and elastic limit will, under these circumstances, closely coincide.

"Blades made from the alloy take a fine cutting edge, which is particularly smooth, although capable of excellent cutting qualities. A razor was made of the cast material, which has now been employed for nearly two years, and has been used for shaving purposes hundreds of times, but shows no signs of wear. It is not equal to a good steel razor, since it requires more frequent stropping. It takes, however, a very smooth, keen edge. I am satisfied that the metal I am now able to make would show considerably better results for this purpose.

"While I do not recommend the alloy as yet for cutting metal, it has shown some remarkable capabilities in this line, especially for a non-ferrous alloy. A small chisel, about one-fourth of an inch square, will readily cut a twenty-penny wire nail in two, without marring the edge of the tool. A lathe tool made from the alloy with certain modifications, is capable of cutting ordinary steel at a very high rate of speed. A test was made against high-speed steel, and it was found that the stellite tool would cut a continuous shaving from the bar, at the speed of 200 feet per minute, while the high-speed alloy steel tools failed almost instantly. It does not, of course, follow from this that the alloy is better suited for high-speed lathe tools than good alloy steel, but simply that it will stand a higher speed without 'burning.'

"The coefficient of expansion of the alloy has not yet been determined, but it is probably quite low, approximating pretty closely that of glass, since a small stellite wire can be sealed into a glass tube, making an air-tight joint, without cracking the glass."

SOME UNEXPLAINED MYSTERIES OF SLEEP

SLEEP is one of the many scientific mysteries that still await solution. What it is exactly nobody knows, says the London Pictorial. But many curious facts have recently been discovered about it by the world's savants.

For instance, when we sleep the lower half of us weighs more than the upper half. The brain is lighter and the legs are heavier. Experiments have shown that if a man goes to sleep in a bed suspended exactly at the middle point of his weight his head begins to tip slowly up, and his feet to go down. When he awakes it is to find that his head is getting nearer and nearer to the ceiling and his feet nearer to the floor.

This is due to the fact that when we are asleep the blood in the brain goes off to other parts of the body. The moment the brain wakes to life again it draws the blood back. In fact, a doctor can bring the most restless of individuals sleep in a few seconds by tightly compressing the arteries in the neck which carry blood to the brain.

So in sleep the brain is lighter and the feet are heavier. Perhaps that is why policemen have been known to sleep on their beats. But then cases have been known of long-distance cyclists sleeping on the saddle, of in-tauntrymen sleeping on the march, of wearied pianists dozing as they struck the keys. In fact, almost any part of the brain may be awake, several parts, indeed, at once, and yet its owner may be fast asleep. A man may talk, walk, sing, type, solve mathematical problems, and yet be safely in the land of "Nod." One of Coleridge's finest poems, "Kubla Khan," was the work of a sleeping brain. The famous "Dervish's Sonata" came as a pleasant surprise to its composer, Tartini. He found it on the table when he got up one morning. He had written it in the night while asleep.

In fact, exactly what part of the brain it is that does sleep it is hard to decide. Our sense of time, for instance, is stronger when we are asleep than when we are awake. Experiments conducted some years ago on a number of men and women between the ages of twenty and thirty showed that 59 per cent. of them were able to wake up in the morning at any time they had decided upon the night before. The resolve seems to wind up a little clock on the subconscious brain.

When the hour has arrived the clock gives, in some mysterious way, the alarm to the day shift of the brain, and the eyelids open. And then the night shift goes to sleep in turn. At any rate, that clock does not seem to work in the daytime. Resolve some morning at the office to pull out your watch when 11:30 comes round.

Way of the Wireless

The Complexity of the Wireless Traffic in the North Sea

The complexity of the wireless traffic over the North Sea, says the Wireless Age for May, is well illustrated by the story of a correspondent who visited the radio room of a battleship of the British fleet. Not only could he pick up Poldhu, the German press agent out from Norddeich, and the Eiffel Tower, but communication from Madrid, the Russian commander in the Baltic, the Mediterranean fleet, the admiral of the British Grand Fleet, and the German headquarters were all plainly audible. This, of course, was accomplished by adjusting the apparatus to accommodate the varying wave-lengths.

The wireless officer in charge on the vessel which the writer visited had described it as a "wonderful night for wireless," though the night was muggy and cold. But there was something in the atmospheric conditions which responded exactly to the requirements of the wireless.

The operator had just finished taking the daily news message from Poldhu, the Welsh station of the English Marconi Company's station at Cape Cod, which sends press despatches to Atlantic passenger vessels, and remarked that it ought to be possible in a moment to hear Norddeich, the high power German station which sends out the German press despatches to ships at sea. The operator had his eye on the clock, whose minute hand was approaching the hour of nine. "He is very punctual, sir, is Norddeich; you can set your watch by him. I dare say he is just knocking out his pipe now; he will start in a minute. If you take the receiver you'll hear him."

"I fitted the receiver over my ears," the correspondent continued. "A black vulcanite disc which regulates and times the wave-length to synchronize with one of the many voices in the air, was set to a certain number. I listened; there was a very faint, ghostly chorus of indistinct whines and buzzes, like that coming from a colony of insects disturbed in some affair.

"Punctually, as the minute hand rested on 12, a strong clear and strident note broke forth into the buzzing. 'There he is,' said the operator, who had a duplicate set at his ear. Norddeich began, as everyone begins, by making his call sign, advertising to all whom it might concern, that he was about to begin his daily recital of the German version of the war.

"Now listen to Poldhu," said the operator, adjusting the apparatus. The strident tones died away, and in their place a deep, gruff muttering dominated the air, when I was listening to Norddeich. Poldhu had been among the little minor chorus of whines and buzzes; when the dial change was made Norddeich sank to join its voice in the background of insect songs, and the rough voice took up the solo. Another adjustment, and the gruff voice finished and in its place came a musical note, small and bell-like, took up the tale.

"That is the Eiffel Tower," said the operator, and my imagination, which had been fixed on that tall group of masts that rises above the heather and gorse on the down beyond Mullion, transported itself to the night streets of Paris and that busy network of steel girders among whose interstices a little living, breathing human figure was sitting and pressing a key.

"Again there was an adjustment to reach another wave-length. 'Ah, you have got the Commander-in-chief,' said the operator.

"But those were not all the wonders shown to me in the wireless office that winter night in the Northern seas. It was indeed a 'wonderful night for wireless,' almost unique in the experience of those to whom I was speaking.

"We heard all kinds of things on that night which are seldom heard together and under the same conditions. We heard the Russian Commander-in-chief in the Baltic, we heard Madrid and we heard the German Commander-in-chief from his fastness across the North Sea.

"We heard the British Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean; all these of course were call signs known and recognized, but there were many others, coming no doubt, from places as diverse and remote and as kindling to the imagination, which we did not know or recognize. Yet they were for the most part voices only—voices and nothing else."

Unconquerable Belgium

Belgium has for the time being lost her freedom, but she retains her unconquerable soul and the day of her deliverance from bondage to the oppressor is drawing nearer. We will never sheath the sword until Belgium is restored to her full national rights, and until generous reparation is made to her for all that she has suffered. There are other aims in this war precipitated by Germany's unholy ambition; but the restoration of Belgium's national independence is the foremost aim; and whatever the cost the Allies will continue the war until that aim is fully realized.—London Chronicle.

Members of the faculty of Shantung, China, Christian University located in Tsinanfu, are much elated by the announcement that the Rockefeller foundation, through the China Medical board, will grant that institution fifty thousand dollars for buildings and equipment, and one hundred thousand dollars for expenses of faculty and students over a period of five years.

The Sphere of Woman

What of the Women Workers After the War is Over

"What can be done must be done now. I fear and hope I am wrong in fearing great troubles to follow this tremendous war, say Sir Rider Haggard.

"Its effect on the belligerent nations will be deep and revolutionary. In England the most startling thing with which we find ourselves face to face is female employment outside the home. Hundreds of thousands of women now because of the war have found their metier. From a multitude of homes they have emerged and now are doing their full share in the world's work and incidentally doing it exceedingly well, when their lack of previous experience is taken into consideration.

"Will they be content to lapse again into an aimless security with nothing in front of them save, perhaps, loveless marriage, or that combat with social conditions which is likely to end in their own ruin?"

"I think not."

"That means that they will do a share of the world's work, displacing men."

"And that means that a certain number of men—a large number, for it will include the multitude who will be displaced—will have to turn elsewhere than to their old employments for their livelihood."

"Again, it means that women will be sure to get the vote and will take up the burden of accomplishing their share toward the guidance of this nation. I think within fifty years they will be helping in the guidance of all nations."

"I pray heaven that they may use their new found influence aright and think that will be the case, because while women work by instinct rather than by reason in eight times out of ten woman's instinct takes her to results more accurate than those to which our reason guides us."

"Another thing which must be remembered is the fact that in England the high wages which the war has brought to pass cannot be maintained in general after the war ends. The trades unions will not like to see them sink."

"This inevitably will mean trouble, and it may mean very great trouble. The only real refuge from this trouble will be found in a return to the more primitive conditions that are in touch with nature. We cannot get safely away from Mother Nature for long, at any rate."

The Boy on the Farm

The Farm Offers the Best Opportunities For Success

The farming business is now coming to a point where it is generally recognized as the most prosperous business, offering the best future and the brightest prospects. That being so, there will be no trouble about keeping the boy on the farm, for he will be keen to see that it is the best place to make money, gain the respect of his fellowman, and obtain that standing among which is the ambition of every right-minded boy. It is to gain these things that he has heretofore gone to the city; it is to gain these things that he will hereafter stay on the farm and that will send the youths of the city to join him. All he wants to know is as to what pays best in the sum of human happiness and comfort and success. It is now being demonstrated that in all these things the farm offers the best opportunities.

Poor Puss!

A Dungannon soldier, writing home from one of the fronts, says: "While taking a ramble the other day I happened on a little wooden cross bearing the inscription: 'This mascot of the 10th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers—Carson's Orange cat—killed in action 6th March, 1916.' I made inquiries, and found that a cat was actually buried there. It was a lovely big animal, and the pet of the regiment. He had been sunning himself and a lump of shrapnel came over and cut him in two."

A New Yorker tells of a married couple he observed at a county fair in Ohio. They found themselves in the centre of quite a crowd near one of the amusement booths and the husband addressed his wife in this wise: "I say, dearie, I think you'd better give me the lunch basket. Don't you see, we are apt to lose each other in this crowd."—Harper's.

The latest exhibition of Germany's solicitude for the rights of small nationalities, and an illustration of what she would do to the Seinn Feiners if they had control of Ireland, is supplied in a decree that the German language must take the place at once of the Danish in those districts in Schleswig-Holstein where the Danish is still used.

Her eyes were not exactly straight, and someone commented upon it and asked the neighbor if he had noticed it.

"Noticed it, man?" he replied. "Why she is cross-eyed that recently when I sat next to her at a dinner she ate off my plate."

"There is this fact," said Jones, after a long argument on the question of man's superiority over woman—"at least there is one good, sweet and perfect thing given to man which a woman cannot have." "Never!" cried his wife. "Never! I deny it! What do you mean?" "A wife!"

Watch Canada Grow

Canadian Cities Bound to Grow in Wealth and Population

Guy Cathcart Pelton, writing in a recent issue of the Journal of Commerce, discusses at length the possibilities of continued growth of Canadian cities, and contends that, as the Dominion of Canada increases in wealth and population, the cities will become larger. He contends that the rural population has increased as rapidly as the urban, and that the future of the cities is very bright. He writes:

"In the dull days before the war, when a lull in the real estate boom was felt from coast to coast in Canada, the critics at home and abroad got busy and accused us in Canada of many evils. One of these was that our cities had grown too fast and that we were sending too much population to the cities.

"Even in the day of the real estate boom in western cities there was a big increase going on in the rural population of Canada, quite as large as the increase in urban population, and the figures of the present day show that the rural population of the Dominion is quite in proportion to the urban population. In fact, we are as a country more sanely populated than other parts of this continent.

"Comparisons at this time are interesting. They give us the opportunity of figuring out just how far we can go before we have reached the limit. We look at Toronto and Montreal and get the idea that they are wonder cities for population. In many respects so they are, yet in the United States she would be included in the statistical reports under Group 2, for there are in the United States nine cities with a population exceeding five hundred thousand. Naturally we think of Chicago and New York, but we mustn't forget that there are Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, St. Louis and Boston all bigger than Toronto.

United States has ten cities with populations from 300,000 to 500,000. We in Canada scarcely realize that New Orleans, Washington, Newark, Buffalo, Cincinnati and numerous other United States cities are much bigger than Toronto and equal to Montreal in population. In the United States the cities of 300,000 to 500,000 population are put in Group 2. We have only two cities in Canada in our Group 1 that can boast of anywhere near these populations. Winnipeg is climbing ahead, but it hasn't yet reached the 300,000 class.

"There are 30 cities in United States in the Group of cities having populations from 100,000 to 300,000, cities most of them bigger than Winnipeg. Lots of us Canadians have heard very little about Reading, Pennsylvania; or Camden, New Jersey; or Trenton, New Jersey. We have fastened our eyes upon New York and Chicago, and hoped that some day Toronto would be the New York of Canada, and Winnipeg the Chicago of Canada. And so they will be. No true Canadian doubts that.

"The west is proud and justly proud of its cities. We have commenced to think that Edmonton and Regina were growing too fast, that the pace couldn't keep up. Yet the United States has 60 cities which are in the class from 50,000 to 100,000 population and I can name a half dozen that not one out of a hundred Canadians have ever heard of Passaic, New Jersey; Little Rock, Arkansas; or Chattanooga, Tennessee? Yet these cities are all bigger than Calgary or Edmonton or Regina and most of them are bigger than Vancouver.

In the number of cities of from 30,000 to 50,000 Canada is still in its infancy. This is the size of city which is possible in almost any rich agricultural community, yet outside of Ontario, Canada has very few, and very few in Ontario. Did you ever hear of Lynchburg, Virginia; or Muskogee, Oklahoma? Well, they are bigger cities than Regina or Moose Jaw or Saskatoon or Guelph.

"A claim that Canada's urban population grew too fast and will not again have any substantial progress is a claim made only by critics who have not made a close study of the urban and rural population of other countries. Canada, with its eight million people has only three cities over 200,000, these being Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. The Dominion has only about 20 cities with a population exceeding 30,000, as compared with 200 in the United States.

"Nova Scotia and New Brunswick each only has one city over 20,000, and Prince Edward Island hasn't any city over 20,000. Quebec has three or four, and Ontario some half dozen. Saskatchewan and Alberta each have three cities in this class, while British Columbia also has three. Outside of Winnipeg, Manitoba is without a good sized city, though Brandon is in the 15,000 class.

"The United States has hundreds of cities of from 10,000 to 15,000 population, and that's the reason the residents of such towns as Swift Current, North Battleford, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin, Prince Albert, Nanaimo and other cities, have faith in the future and believe that they will grow as Canada, and that they will become much more important centres of population than they are at the present time.

"And the faith of the residents of these small Canadian cities is well founded, for they are backed by resources quite as rich as any of the resources which have built up the cities of the United States.

"There is this fact," said Jones, after a long argument on the question of man's superiority over woman—"at least there is one good, sweet and perfect thing given to man which a woman cannot have." "Never!" cried his wife. "Never! I deny it! What do you mean?" "A wife!"

together are the little truck farms in the district. There isn't a province in Canada that cannot give greater returns from truck farms than can these southern farms, which require extensive fertilization every year. Savannah is built upon shipping, just as was Vancouver, and with the exception of the manufacturing states of New England, the capitalization per capita of the manufacturing industry in the United States cities is no larger than in the Canadian cities.

"Such little cities as Welland, Ontario; and Yarmouth, Nova Scotia; have important manufacturing industries, and the opportunities of every small city in Canada, east and west are as good as ever the opportunities of the United States a few years ago. The Canadian cities are all surrounded by country of great agricultural resources and there is no reason on earth to heed the remarks of the critics who would tell us that we in Canada have reached our limit in city building, for as long as the rural population increases, so also will the urban, and the increase in immigration following the close of the European war if it benefits the Back of the Land movement and the agricultural settlement, will also benefit and increase the populations of the Canadian cities."

New French Biplane

Can Attain a Speed of 125 Miles an Hour Against the Fokker's 100

The French papers were recently allowed to state that France now possesses an aeroplane which has beaten the world's record for speed. By courtesy of the French war office correspondents were allowed to visit Louis Bleriot's factories at Suresnes near Paris, and inspect the new machine. M. Bleriot gave such details as can be published of the new marvel.

The Fokker has been described as a hawk. The new French machine is a swallow—a graceful, almost frail looking biplane. It is called a "spad," the word being derived from the initial letters of the Societe L'Aviation et Derives. It climbs rapidly and smoothly and can attain a speed of more than 125 miles an hour. The Fokker's speed is 100 miles an hour. On account of its speed the "spad" can be entrusted to only the most expert pilots because, though the speed can be reduced little, only the most skilful airmen can alight without smashing the machine. The deadly work of the "spad" may be traced through the daily French communiques.

"The Fokker is a very greatly over-rated machine," M. Bleriot said, "and no better than the aeroplane we have had for a long time. I refer to the Morane Saulnier. The German machines are without doubt inferior to ours, but they have an engine, the Mercedes, which is as good as, but no better, than the French engine. Never for a moment has Germany had the mastership of the air and now that we have this machine we have established a lead which will never be wrested from us."

For Army Workers

Equipment for the Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps

Gigantic steam shovels weighing 65 tons each, capable of eating up the earth at the rate of 150 to 200 cubic yards an hour, and self-propelling extension track pile drivers, are part of the equipment recently purchased by the government for Col. C. W. P. Ramsay, of the Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps. This plant was selected by Col. Ramsay's colleagues in the engineering department of the Canadian Pacific Railway and is being prepared by that company at the request of the government for shipment abroad. The Canadian Overseas Railway Construction Corps has already built many miles of track at strategic points and is all the while engaged in surveys for further construction. The work has often to be done under fire, and though there have been so many narrow escapes there have been no serious casualties. Out of the non-commissioned officers and sergeants that enlisted on the foundation of the corps, 18 have already received commissions in the Royal Engineers, a remarkable tribute to their efficiency, while Col. Ramsay and Major Harvey have been mentioned in dispatches. The splendid work of these Canadian engineers has been highly appreciated by the allied commanders.

Union of the Empire

The very uncertainty of the future makes it necessary to be prepared beforehand for every possible contingency, and there are certain things which do not depend on the termination of the war, but must be taken in hand at once. First and foremost is the closer union of the Empire. If there is one result which we are all equally determined shall flow from the war, it is this. The Mother Country and the Dominions are equally resolved on it; our Allies would rejoice at it, and the enemy would be correspondingly disturbed. It will go ill with the Government if they fail to take occasion boldly by the hand and realize this aspiration.—London Times.

"And the faith of the residents of these small Canadian cities is well founded, for they are backed by resources quite as rich as any of the resources which have built up the cities of the United States.

"There is this fact," said Jones, after a long argument on the question of man's superiority over woman—"at least there is one good, sweet and perfect thing given to man which a woman cannot have." "Never!" cried his wife. "Never! I deny it! What do you mean?" "A wife!"

Tom—When you proposed to her I suppose she said, "This is so sudden!"

Dick—No; she was honest and said, "This suspense has been terrible."—Boston Transcript.

Butter and Health

Milk is Not Considered Safe Unless it is Pasteurized

The relation of butter to health is a question to which certain very eminent hygienists have been turning their attention recently (writes David J. Hickey in an article on "How Butter is Made," in the "Housewives' League, Magazine.)

Such a person as Prof. Posenau, of the department of hygiene at Harvard, made some very remarkable studies on the subject. The Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States, through its scientists, has done a great deal to throw a much needed light on the subject also.

It is a well established fact that disease can be disseminated through the agency of raw milk, and it seems only logical to question whether the same disease germs cannot be carried in other dairy products made also from raw milk and cream, such as butter and cheese.

It is estimated by the government that about 10 per cent. of all dairy cows in the United States are suffering with some form of tuberculosis. There are about twenty-two millions of dairy cows in the United States at the present time, so that would mean two million two hundred thousand tuberculosis cows. In New York State alone, the Bureau of Animal Industry estimates that fully one-third of all the cows have tuberculosis in some form.

Milk from such cows cannot really be considered safe unless it has been pasteurized, and the great bulk of it used for butter making is not pasteurized at all.

Rosenau gives the following results from experiments made at Boston last year.

"Twenty-one samples of butter of unknown age purchased on the open market and examined for the presence of tubercular bacilli gave positive results in nine and one-half per cent."

It is said by authorities on the subject among government officials that tubercular bacilli continue to lurk in butter, even after they have been kept for five and six months in cold storage! Pasteurization would have killed the bacilli easily and eliminated much danger and risk to the users of the butter.

One of the worst diseases among cattle, caused by a germ known as the bacillus of infectious abortion, which caused the premature birth of thousands of calves annually can be carried by the agency of milk and milk products, and has been found in humans as a result of eating milk or milk products infected with the germ. Just what is the effect of this germ on the human organism is not definitely determined, but any disease-producing germ is dangerous to health.

Digging Post Holes

A farmer from Wyoming asks for information as to the most rapid and economical method of setting fence posts. An expert in farm mechanics answers:

Driving posts is not to be recommended unless only a temporary fence is desired or sharp metal posts are used. If the posts are of wood a large proportion will crack under the blows of the sledge.

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10 CENTS PER PLUG

• LADY • URSULA'S HUSBAND

BY
FLORENCE WARDENWard, Lock & Co., Limited
TORONTO

(Continued)

"I daresay," said he, "they believe that story themselves. But I happen to know it isn't true."

According to her principles, Lady Ursula refrained from arguing the point.

"I hope, at least," she said gently, "that you won't expect me to wear mock gems in order to hold my own with people who wear real ones."

"Of course not," said he, as he sat down to the dressing-table, and taking from his pocket a peculiar little pair of tweezers, began to extract, from the diamond necklace he had given her, the stones, one by one.

"How quick and clever you are about it!" cried Lady Ursula innocently, as she watched him.

"I shall right—for an amateur," cried he. "But you should see a jeweller do this sort of thing!"

"I shouldn't have thought it possible to do it better than you do," cried she in admiration.

He glanced up quickly, but there was no shadow of suspicion in her tone.

He went on with his work, and to the surprise and consternation of Lady Ursula, he soon had reduced the whole of the jewels, with which he had presented her on their marriage, to a heap of stones. Then he rose briskly and thrust the settings into his pocket.

Lady Ursula put out her hand.

"Won't you at least let me have the settings?" she said, almost sentimentally. "I've never cared for jewels before, never. But just because you gave me these, because I was so proud of you having made me such a handsome present, it hurts me to see them all destroyed like that."

He kissed her affectionately.

"That's very nice of you," he said. "But of course it's just the way in which one expects an Englishwoman of your position to speak. We can be sentimental about our jewels in England. The Yankees look upon them only as notches in the road, ostentatious signs that they have got there."

Lady Ursula looked at him wonderingly.

"It's odd, Paul," said she, "how often you speak as if you were an Englishman! It's very hard to me to believe that you were not born among us, very hard. Oh, don't look like that," she went on with a little laugh, as for the moment he appeared disconcerted. "I like you all the better for the fact that I never can realise that you're not one of my own countrymen."

He laughed and turned to the door, without apparently noticing that he had paid no heed to her request. When she followed him out, he had got out of sight, and she found that it was too late to renew her request then.

She did so when they met at the dinner-table.

"I don't think I can let you have the settings back," said he. "To tell you the truth, I'm afraid you might have them remounted again in the old way."

In vain she pleaded that he might trust her not to do anything against his wishes. He was quite gentle, quite good-humored about it; but she never saw the settings again; and on their way back to England he confessed that he had thrown them into the Rhine at Basle.

Lady Ursula had stipulated for a couple of days at Wintersand before going on to Oare Court, and Paul had unwillingly consented, but declined to accompany her.

He pointed out that he could not meet Lord Eastling without awkwardness after what had happened in Paris, and she had reluctantly to admit that this was true. She flattered

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Granulated Eyelids,
Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind
quickly relieved by **Murie Eye Remedy**. No Smarting,
just Eye Comfort. At
Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murie Eye
Salve in Tubes 25c. For Books of the Eye free ask
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Democratic Australia is an example of strong legislation. In New South Wales no bar room is allowed to exist within six miles of any military camp. Bars close at six p.m. Not a case of drunkenness was dealt with by the stipendiary magistrate of a crowded district in Sydney in one week.

herself, however, that she would herself be able to obliterate the bad impression her brother had of her husband, by her account of his kindness to herself and of her happiness with him.

In the meantime they had decided to break their journey in London, where they put up at a little hotel in one of the side-streets off the Strand. That evening Paul took his wife for a walk through the crowded streets, to the shops by gaslight.

They went up Regent Street, and he insisted upon stopping before each shop window in turn. Even the splendid displays of mock gems tempted him, though Lady Ursula protested against these with a not unnatural disdain.

"How can you condescend to look at rubbish," Paul?" she demanded, not impatiently, but with surprise.

"Well, it's interesting, after what we were talking about the other day, to show how closely they imitate the real thing. Now can you tell me honestly that you would have known that necklace to be only sham, if you had seen it, by gaslight, or electric light, mind, on the neck of one of your friends?"

Obedient but unwilling, Lady Ursula gave her mind to the point proposed. "I don't suppose I should," she admitted, when she had examined with care required of her a couple of rows of mock pearls of the cleverest make. "But still I shouldn't like to wear them, and I can't believe that any of my friends would either."

"Of course not. But Americans are less particular, I assure you."

Lady Ursula said nothing. She never contradicted him, and if he still chose to harbour the belief that Mrs. Jackson's daughter was capable of wearing sham pearls, it did not Presently Paul said—

"Here is a necklace nearly as handsome as Mrs. Finchden's." And he pointed to a double row of imitation pearls with a diamond clasp.

Lady Ursula just glanced at it.

"Hers has five rows," said she. "I mean that the pearls are the same size as her. And really, by this light, they look quite as good a color."

Lady Ursula did not dispute the point, and they went on. It was not the only shop of the same sort that Paul insisted on stopping to examine, and presently he said—

"Now we'll go and look at the real thing. I have to make up my mind how I'm going to have your jewels set, in the first place, and in the second place, I'm going to give an order for a pearl necklace for you."

"I do beg you won't, pleaded Lady Ursula. "If you knew how I begrudge the money spent on dress and jewelry, when there is so much that one would like to do with it!"

"I quite see your point. You are too good to care for such things," said Paul gently. "But I think it's a duty on the part of the husband of a woman of birth and beauty to see to it that she holds her own even in such matters with others."

She did not dispute the point. Paul was so nice tonight, so gentle so pleased to be back in London, that she had not the heart to argue with him.

As she refused to allow him to take her into a jeweller's shop, he laughingly put her into a taxi and sent her home, telling her that since she would not help him, he would have his own way without her assistance.

When he came back to dine with her at their hotel he was in the highest spirits, and he made fun of her goodness, teased her about the ordeal she would have to undergo on his account at Wintersand, and expressed his intention of making her a miserable sinner like himself, fond of gaiety and fine clothes, before he had done with her.

She took it all calmly, pleased that he was happy, and not at all displeased to find herself the object of his attentions, even if they included a great deal of mischievous mirth.

It was late that evening, when Paul was enjoying a cigar in the corridor, that Lady Ursula came suddenly upon him as she came to her room from the reading room.

He was looking at something which he tried to hide as she came up, but she had seen enough to make her anxious.

"Oh, Paul," she cried, "you haven't been buying pearls for me, have you?"

He laughed a little.

"Why should you mind if I did?" he said. "I want you to look awfully smart when you go to Oare Court, and incidentally, I should like your people at Wintersand to see that their daughter has not thrown herself away upon a pauper."

(To be continued)

Daughter—What's the matter, father? You look worried.

Father (just retired from business)—Well, you see, my dear, I've never been without things to worry me before, and it bothers me.

Weeds are Spreading

Farmers Should Wage a Ceaseless War
Against the Pest

"Many of the weeds are getting ahead of the farmers and, unless methods of control are put into practice at once, the weeds will gain the upper hand." This is how F. C. Nunnick, of the Commission of Conservation, sizes up the weed situation in Canada. In regard to wild oats, he reports that in 1910 one hundred farms were visited in each of the Prairie Provinces, and on one hundred per cent. of the Manitoba farms wild oats were found. In Saskatchewan, seventy-one per cent, and in Alberta three per cent. reported wild oats. In 1911, on the same farms in Alberta, thirty-one per cent, reported wild oats, while in 1912, a still larger number reported this weed, showing that it was travelling westward with a vengeance. In the districts visited in 1913, wild oats were reported by eighty-three per cent. of the farmers.

Bald mustard, Canada thistle, stink-weed and wild oats were reported in the Prairie Provinces on at least fifty-three per cent. of the farms visited, and some of these weeds were reported on seventy-nine per cent. of the farms. In Eastern Canada couch grass and ox-eye daisy were reported on seventy-three per cent. of the farms and sow thistle on thirty-four per cent. This is bad enough, but in every case all these weeds were rapidly spreading, and will continue to do so unless something more is done to check their advance.

Government legislation without the co-operation of the farmer will never eradicate the weed pest. Farmers and those of a locality must co-operate and wage ceaseless war against it if any permanent success is to be attained.

It is in the farmer's own interest to destroy the weeds, which are growing where his crops should be growing, and for this reason alone action on the part of the Government should not be necessary.

Russians Committed no Cruelties

On the principle that "two blacks make one white" the Germans have circulated many stories about the ferocity of the Russians when invading Prussia.

In order that truth may be justified the following extract is reproduced from the German religious paper, "Chronik der Christlichen Welt." The article is from the pen of a German pastor, who speaks from personal experience.

"The first invasion of the Russians in August, 1914, was far more extensive than the second; almost submerged by the flood and flow of the hostile armies. But the economic and also the ecclesiastical damage was comparatively slight. The Russians regarded the territory, which they hemmed in on both sides, as a safe possession, an annexed province. From this feeling, but also without doubt from an originally sincere desire for a humane and orderly method of conducting the war, it is to be explained that there were no devastations, looting or cruelties affecting the goods and chattels of the civil population, who on their side no doubt showed themselves free from fanaticism. The few isolated exceptions, which naturally could not be avoided among such huddled masses of men, have been afterwards exaggerated beyond measure and represented as general."

Test of a Coat and a Man

A personal friend of mine, writes a correspondent, had an amazing experience with bullet-proof armor.

When he was in Paris at the beginning of the war, a fluent French inventor persuaded him to give him an opportunity to demonstrate in England a thin chain-armour shirt, which he said would resist any bullet or bayonet. A sample shirt had been hung up and fired at with satisfactory results, but it was with some skepticism that my friend attended the official demonstration.

However, to oblige the inventor, he put on one of the shirts to show its comfort and flexibility. It was then that the inventor pulled out an automatic pistol and blazed away straight at my friend's chest. Before he had recovered enough breath even to protest, a War Office official grasped him warmly by the hand.

"Sir," he said, "you are a brave man."

My friend disappeared with becoming modesty.

To Appoint Railway Commission

The commission to inquire into the railway situation in Canada will be appointed shortly. Among the names mentioned are those of President Underwood of the Erie system of the United States; Sir Thomas Tait, formerly manager of the Australian system of state-owned railways, and Sir George Paisin, the eminent statistician of London.

The Stampede

Frontier Days Recalled—A Tournament That Has a History

"The Sky Pilot," written and published by "Ralph Connor" (Rev. C. W. Gordon), was the first glimpse, to me at that time, of an extraordinary rate of fire. When I mentioned this to an artillery captain at Verdun, he laughingly replied,

"It is only from such writings and from the records of the R. N. W. M. P. that the history of cowboys, cowgirls—kings and queens of the farmland—the rough riders, ropers, sharpshooters and their equipment of saddles and bridles, chaps, hats and gloves will ever be known.

It is only from such writings and from the records of the R. N. W. M. P. that the history of cowboys, cowgirls—kings and queens of the farmland—the rough riders, ropers, sharpshooters and their equipment of saddles and bridles, chaps, hats and gloves will ever be known.

As settlers flocked into Southern Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta to cultivate the fertile acres, ranches were curtailed in extent, bands of horses and herds of cattle have been reduced until today cowboy life has almost passed away. In another decade or two we may look in vain for the old pioneer and scout life.

Thousands of farmers on the prairies know nothing of this early history of the plains except by hearsay.

The Stampede to be held in Moose Jaw on July 11 to 14, 1916, will give an opportunity to all to see for themselves that which no amount of hearsay could give. It is to be a living page from the history of the brave days of the frontier! A vision of the vanishing prairie west; a tournament that has a meaning.

Old timers who participated in the early history of the West are enthusiastic over the Stampede. To them it is like visiting the old home once more, and to the new settler it will be an open page of the past, once seen, never to be forgotten.

That these cowboys are skilled in their profession can never be denied. They are counted among the best horsemen in the world—masters of themselves and of their horses. This was demonstrated by the Strathcona Horse in 1910. They were trained cavalry from the day they first lined up under cavalry command.

The personal qualities of cowboys are well known. Their principles of right and wrong are invariably on the side of fair play and justice. Their code imposed wild justice upon many malcontents and "the strong hand" was the law of force that ensured safety of property where no other writ or judgment found place.

Moose Jaw for a quarter of a century was on the eastern boundary of the ranches. It was the winter home of many ranchers, while their foremen and outriders kept an outlook over stock on the ranges.

Moose Jaw was also a great market place for disposing of stock. So the idea of the "Stampede" at once captured the fancy and attention of old timers in the city, and it looks as if from July 11 to 14 this year will see a great gathering of old timers with all the paraphernalia of cowboy life, and many thousands of visitors to see for the first time cowpunchers, bucking horses, tenderfoot, gold-mounted spurs, silver-horned saddles, rolled caftans, lariats, quirks, slickers, chaps, ropers, and wild steers. It will be real life without any sham or make believe.—Hugh McKellar, in the Saskatchewan Farmer, June issue.

After the War

At the end of the war we shall clearly need to have two great conferences, one a conference of the belligerents to settle the territorial questions that concern them; the other a conference of all the powers, including the neutrals to re-establish the law of nations on a sound basis, to find means for upholding it in time of war, and for ridding the world of the terrors of militarism even in time of peace. Let us always, in judging the American people and their statesmen, keep our eyes on that final event, and so act that, whatever we or they do now, we shall be able to work together when the time comes to save the world from a renewal of this savagery.—Westminster Gazette.

Production and Thrift

"Production and Thrift Agricultural War Book 1916" is a volume of 250 pages published by direction of Hon. Martin Burrell, Dominion Minister of Agriculture.

Information supplied by men of Dominion-wide reputation is contained in it in regard to all lines of farm production. There is given as well a mine of statistical information concerning the world's production and consumption of foodstuffs.

Let Him Out

"I want to be excused," said the worried-looking jurymen, addressing the judge. "I owe a man five dollars that I borrowed, and as he is leaving town today for some years I want to catch him before he gets on the train and pay him the money."

"You are excused," returned His Honor in gay tones. "I don't want anybody on the jury who can lie like that."

A Gun That Fired 30,000 Shells

Enthusiastically describing the French 75's the savours of Verdun, a correspondent writes:

"In one of the Russian battles one of their batteries fired 525 rounds to the gun in a single day, which seemed to me at that time an extraordinary rate of fire. When I mentioned this to an artillery captain at Verdun, he laughingly replied,

"I have tired from this (4 gun) battery 3,100 rounds of shells in 45 minutes."

"I listened to him in amazement. 'How long do your guns last at that rate?' I asked him, for the theory before the war was that a field piece did not have a life exceeding 8,000 to 10,000 rounds of fire. The officer placed his hand affectionately on the gun that we were inspecting.

"This is a grand new gun which I have just received," he said. "The one whose place it has taken had fired more than 30,000 shells and still was not entirely finished." Then he added, "You are surprised at my speed of fire, but there have been 75's in this war that have fired 1,600 rounds in a single day."

"I'm going to decorate you for bravery Mr. Wadleigh. Put this French war-orphan medal on your coat."

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LITTLE THINGS COUNT

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are made of strong dry pine stems, with a secret perfected composition that guarantees "Every Match A Light." 65 years of knowing how—that's the reason!

All Eddy products are dependable products—Always.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, N-1 N-2 N-3. **THE RAPION** Used in French Hospitals with great success, Cures Chronic Weakness, Lost Vigor, & VIN RENOV. BURNS, DISORDERS, RECONV. PILLS. 1000 DRUGGISTS OF MONTREAL. 1000 DRUGGISTS OF TORONTO. WRITE FOR FREE BOOK TO DR. LE CLERC, 1000 DRUGGISTS OF MONTREAL. 1000 DRUGGISTS OF TORONTO. **THE RAPION** EASY TO TAKE, SAFE AND LASTING CURE. SEE THAT TRADE MARKED WORD "THE RAPION" IS ON GRIT. GOVT. STAMP ATTACHED TO ALL GENUINE PACKETS.

ARLINGTON

WATERPROOF COLLARS AND CUFFS. Something better than linen and big laundry bills. Wash it with soap and water. All stores or direct. State style and size. For 25c we will mail you.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited.

58 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Wood's Phosphodine. The Great English Remedy. Tones and Invigorates the System, Strengthens the Heart, and Revives the Blood in old Veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Insomnia, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain packages on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. **THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.** (Formerly Widdes.)

Mabel—if your grandma has lost all her teeth, how does she eat?

Willie—I heard pa say she had a biting tongue.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

The River Nile is believed to contain more varieties of fish than any other stream in the world.

Concentrated Satisfaction

A great many former users of tea and coffee have learned that there is a pure food beverage made from wheat, which has delightful flavour.

It never exacts of its users the tribute of sleeplessness, heart-flutter, headache and other ills often caused by the drug, caffeine, in tea and coffee.

Instant Postum

has a delicious, snappy flavour and is absolutely free from caffeine or any harmful ingredient. Instant Postum is in condensed, soluble form, and wonderfully convenient for the home—for the picnic—for travel—everywhere.

If tea or coffee interferes with comfort or success, as it does for many users, try a shift to Postum.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

W. N. U. 1110

How the Crown Prince of Germany Looks

The character of the Crown Prince of Germany is well known as a flirt, chocolate-soldier style of officer, and as a cynical critic of people not owning the sway of the German Will, his reputation is unique. But it has been left to Lady Wilson to convey in a few words an idea of his looks.

Lady Wilson who was a fellow passenger with the Prince on his return from his Indian trip, says:

"His expression is elusive. If his features are insignificant. A foolish, sandy, pallid look is accentuated by an uncompromising "mut" coiffure. His hair, worn rather long, is brushed unmercifully back from a receding forehead; his moustache is embryonic. Yet there is fire about him, and devouring vitality. In his curious slanting eyes, that you can scarcely arrest for a second, so restless are they, it is impossible to read what is passing in his mind."

STINGING NEURALGIA

The Trouble Due to Nerves Starved for Lack of Good Blood

An eminent medical writer has said that "neuralgia is the cry of starved nerves for better blood." The one great symptom of this trouble is pain, fierce, stabbing pain, that almost drives the sufferer frantic. The one cause is poor blood; the only cure is to enrich the blood. Heat applied to the inflamed nerves will give relief, but does not cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish the blood all the needed elements, and the blood conveys them to the nerves. The only way of getting food or medicine to the nerves is through the blood, and the only way to enrich the blood is through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In this way neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve disorders are promptly cured, and the whole system benefited and strengthened. Mrs. M. Gleason, R. R. No. 1, Uxbridge, Ont., who was a great sufferer from neuralgia, says: "I suffered intensely from neuralgia for four years. My blood was thin and I was completely run down. I suffered intense pain all the time. At different times I consulted three doctors, but their treatment did no more than give me temporary relief. Then I tried different medicines, but the result was the same—they seemed no good in my case. I was growing steadily worse, and finally could not leave the house nor do a bit of work. The last doctor I consulted could do nothing for me but give me morphine tablets to ease the pain, and by this time I had about resigned myself to a life of pain. Then one of Dr. Williams' almanacs came to our house and I read of similar cases cured through the use of Pink Pills. I got three boxes and before they were all gone the pain began to decrease, and I began to have a better appetite. By the time I had taken six boxes I was again a well woman, and my neighbors could hardly realize that such a change could be made in so short a time. Later I was bothered with eczema and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me. I have found these Pills worth their weight in gold and I cheerfully recommend them to all who are ailing."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Willie—Oh, Tom, look at the lovely silk stockings I got at a fire sale for seventeen cents. And not a thing the matter with them except the feet are burned off.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Catarrh being greatly influenced by constitutional conditions requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the body, removing all the irritants of the disease, giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in the curative powers of Hall's Catarrh Cure that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Angler (in deep water)—Help! Help! I can't swim!

Country Gentleman (on shore)—I can't either, but I ain't hollering about it.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Electr. Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

Not only the Allies, Great Britain, France and Italy, have adopted the daylight saving principle, Germany not to be outdone by them has also been ordered to put on the clock!

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Why is a watch like a river?—Because it doesn't run long without winding.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Despite the numerous "cures," cancer continues to increase.

MADE IN CANADA

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



CONTAINS NO ALUM

CONTAINS NO ALUM

Someone asked Whistler if he was acquainted with King Edward. He said:

"No I have not that pleasure."

"But the King says he knows you."

"Oh, well," responded Whistler, "you know he's always bragging."

Be Bright, Well, Strong, Restore Youthful Looks!

Let your fight for better health begin now! Before you feel any warning of physical collapse, cleanse, and strengthen and build up your system. The one remedy for that tired droopy feeling is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the acknowledged king of all tonic medicines. Thousands of men and women in the late years of life retain their youthful looks and feeling simply because they regulate their system with this old reliable family remedy. Nothing so good for the bowels, stomach or kidneys. Cures headaches, prevents biliousness, stops aching pains in the back and limbs. Get a 25c. box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills today.

"One of the rules for officers of the King's Navy reads: 'No officer shall speak discouragingly to his mate, either on the watch or at mess, concerning the business on which he is or may be engaged.'

Caution! Wife—Dinna pay the fares yet, Angus. They may drop a bomb on us and then you'd have thrown good money away.

Conscription of Wealth

Conscription of wealth for the needs of war is no novelty in England. The advisers of Richard II for a time financed their adventures in France by the aid of a poll tax, ingeniously devised—in the first experiments—to fall upon the richer classes. In 1377 the levy was graduated from one groat on the laborer to £6 13s. 4d. on a duke. Judges paid 25c each; Earls, countesses, and the richer mayors, £1; barons, baronets, aldermen, and large merchants, 6d; knights and mayors of small towns £1 down to 3s. 4d. Thus the fourteenth century Englishmen had evolved a system by which the rich man paid in some instances as much as 50 to 50 times more than his poorer neighbor. But the later poll tax that led to the Great Revolt was, as we know, not happy in the results. It shed the principle of graduation, and "the number of people got off with a payment of 4d. or 6d. was comparatively few."—London Chronicle.

The Terror of Asthma comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful throttling, robbing its victim of breath. It seems beyond the power of human aid to relieve until one trial is made of that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Then relief comes with a rush. Life becomes worth living, and, if the remedy be used persistently, the disease is put permanently to rout. Take no substitute.

Germany's Infamy

The hideous story of the Wittenberg Camp is unmatched for filth, cruelty and horror outside certain descriptions of Carthaginian horrors in Flaubert's "Salammbo." There have been perfidies, murders and outrages by land and sea, but for torture inflicted with systematic callousness and inanity on helpless prisoners there has been nothing to touch this record.—London Observer.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

In the village of Tatworth, Somerset, England, the curious custom of letting a field by auction during the burning of an inch candle has just been perpetuated.

Cautious Wife—Dinna pay the fares yet, Angus. They may drop a bomb on us and then you'd have thrown good money away.

Your Liver

is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty.

Cure

Constipation,

Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

Beauty Food



Ideal Silver Cream

It will clean more silverware in less time with less expense than any other preparation made. "Ideal" is not an electro-plating preparation; removes nothing but the dirt, leaving the silverware like new. Put up in eight and eighteen-ounce bottles, packed three dozen in case.

At All Jewellers

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good salary; work sent or distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

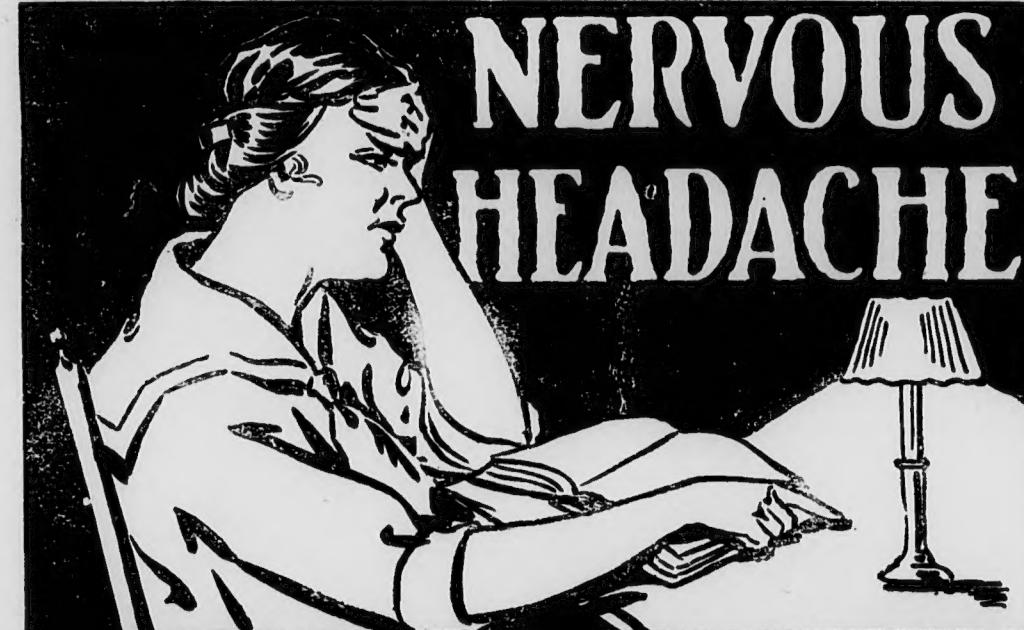
"Wish to marry my daughter, do you? Take my advice, don't."

"But why sir?"

"I have noticed evidence of insanity in her lately."

"Good heavens! What evidences?"

"She says she wants to marry you."



NERVOUS HEADACHE

Headache is not a disease in itself, but comes as a warning to tell you that there is something wrong with the system. Consequently when you stop a headache by the use of powerful narcotic drugs, you merely stifle the "danger signal" by which Nature tells you that there is trouble ahead.

A starved condition of the nervous system is by far the most frequent cause of headache. You may be going too fast a pace and burning the candle at both ends. The nervous system has no opportunity to renew its vigor, and the result is nervous headache, sleeplessness, indigestion and irritability.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

Why not select a treatment that aims to remove the cause of trouble by enriching the blood and building up the starved and exhausted nerves. Such is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and the effectiveness of this food cure is so well known that we scarcely need tell you about it.

In almost every newspaper you will find some cure reported as a result of using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The mention of it among your friends will reveal the fact that nearly everybody knows it as the standard medicine for diseases of the nerves and other ailments arising from a watery condition of the blood.



Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes sent free if you mention this paper.

SPECIAL SALE ON Palm Olive Goods THIS MONTH

Palm-Olive Vanishing Cream	50c	Palm-Olive Shampoo 50c
2 Cakes Palm-Olive Soap	25c	2 Cakes Palm-Olive Soap 25c
Regular selling price 75c		Regular selling price 75c
SPECIAL PRICE 50c		SPECIAL PRICE 50c
Palm-Olive Complexion Powder	50c	Palm-Olive Complexion Powder 50c
2 Cakes Palm-Olive Soap	25c	2 Cakes Palm-Olive Soap 25c
Regular Price	75c	Regular Price 75c
SPECIAL PRICE	50c	SPECIAL PRICE 50c

Palm-Olive Preparations are the finest of their kind

H. W. CHAMBERS, Druggist

Reduced Prices on our stock of Flour and Feed

Royal Household Flour	\$3.30
Glenora Flour	\$3.10
Cereals in proportion	
Bran	\$1.00
Shorts	\$1.10

An opportunity to buy the necessities of life cheaply

McClaine-Wrigglesworth Company, Ltd.
DIDSBURY, - - ALBERTA

WAIT AND SEE Dr. M. Mecklenburg

THE OLD RELIABLE

GRADUATE OPTICIAN

32 years experience 12 years in Alberta

will again be in

Didsbury, Thursday, July 13th, from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Calgary office
phone M1121

Edmonton Office, Williamson
Building. Phone 5225

Make your headquarters at my office during Exhibition time



There isn't a member of the family need suffer from indigestion, sick headaches, biliousness, fermented stomach, etc., if he or she will take Chamberlain's Tablets. They cleanse the stomach and bowels and stimulate the liver to healthy activity and tone up the whole system. Take one at night and you're RIGHT in the morning.

As dyspepsia, etc., or by mail from Chamberlain's Medicine Company, Toronto, 16

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

Money to Loan ON IMPROVED FARM PROPERTY

The Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited

Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Assignee, Etc.

220 Eighth Ave. West, -o- CALGARY

H. A. HOWARD, Manager

AROUND THE TOWN

Mr. Ben Rosenberger returned from his visit to Ontario on Monday.

Mr. M. Clemens of Clemens, Alta., one of our old time residents, was a visitor in town on Friday.

Mrs. H. W. Lowle of Calgary is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Newsom for a few weeks. Mrs. Lowle is a sister of C. Newsom.

Miss Marie Chambers, Miss Marjorie Atkins and Miss Edith Proctor will have charge of the Red Cross tea rooms on Friday afternoon.

Rural route No. 2, east of Didsbury, will be put in in the course of about a month, and the Post Office Department are calling for the money for boxes from the patrons on the line.

For Saturday night the manager of the Opera House will give a play entitled "Suburban" by King Baggot. A picturization in four acts. Also the usual war and weekly world events.

Mrs. I. H. Levagood, who returned from Rochester, Minn., a short time ago is rapidly regaining her health, the operation having proved very successful. Both Mr. and Mrs. Levagood are enthusiastic over the treatment they received at the hospital.

The Women's Institute will meet at the home of Mrs. Alvin Hunsperger on Thursday afternoon, July 13th, at 2 p.m. Will each member bring her best idea on canning and preserving of fruit. Question box on canning of fruit. The life of Lord Kitchener will be read at the meeting. Everybody cordially invited.

Owing to the heavy rain of Sunday and Monday of this week the creeks have risen higher than ever before, and on Tuesday reports came into town that the Lone Pine bridge near Burnside had swung around stopping traffic, also the one at Berlin, east of town, was covered with three feet of water.

Bishop Spreng of the Evangelical church of Naperville, Ill., who will attend the Ministerial Meeting and Christian Workers' Convention to be held in Didsbury, commencing on July 14th, will preach in the Didsbury Evangelical church on Sunday afternoon and evening, July 16th. The Convention will also be held in the same church. The Bishop will also hold services at Siebertville on Sunday morning, July 16th, at 10 a.m.

A Letter of Appreciation

The following letter has been received by Mrs. J. E. Stauffer from the Calgary branch of the Red Cross Society which shows the appreciation of the work done here by the ladies of the Red Cross Society.

DEAR MRS. STAUFFER—Will you please convey the very hearty thanks of our society to all the workers who contributed to the very nice shipment of supplies which were received from your branch on June 19th.

We greatly appreciate the assistance which your branch is giving especially at a time when the demands upon the Red Cross are so heavy.

MARY E. WAAGEN,
Hon. Supt. of Supplies,
Alberta Branch Red
Cross Society

12716 MORTGAGE SALE OF FARM PROPERTY NEAR DIDSBURY, ALTA.

PURSUANT to the directions of the Registrar and by virtue of the Powers of Sale provided by The Land Titles Act under a certain mortgage which will be produced at the time of the sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction at the office of George B. Sexsmith in the Town of Didsbury, in the province of Alberta, on Saturday the 29th day of July, 1916, at the hour of 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon, the following property namely:

The Northeast quarter of Section Eighteen, Township Thirty-one, Range Five, West of the Fifth Meridian, in the Province of Alberta, containing one hundred and sixty-one acres, more or less.

Terms of sale to be twenty per cent. cash at the time of the sale and the balance according to the terms and conditions to be made known at the time of the sale or upon application to the vendor's solicitors.

The above property will be offered for sale subject to a sealed reserve bid, and free from all encumbrances save taxes for the current year, and any seed grain lien that may be outstanding in favor of the Crown.

The Vendor is informed that the above property is situated about twenty five miles from the Town of Didsbury and that fifteen acres of the said quarter section is good arable land, fifty acres well suited for hay or pasture, seventy-five acres of poplar and pine timber and twenty acres of slough and coulee. The buildings consist of house and shed.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to Messrs. GRIESBACH, O'CONNOR & COMPANY, Solicitors, Edmonton, Alta.

Dated at Calgary in the Province of Alberta, this 8th day of June, 1916.

GRIESBACH, O'CONNOR & COMPANY, Vendor's Solicitors.

APPROVED
"A. T. Kinnaird"
Dep. X. REGISTRAR



King Hiram Lodge No. 21, A.F.&A.M.
Meets every Tuesday evening on or before full moon. All visiting brethren welcome.

JOHN NIXON, J. R. GOOD,
Secretary. W. M.



DIDSBURY LODGE NO. 18, I.O.O.F.
Meets in Oddfellows Hall, Didsbury, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp. Visiting Oddfellows always welcome.

A. V. BUCKLER, N. G.
S. R. WOOD, Sec.

Dr. G. R. Ross, D.M.D., L.D.S.
Dental Surgeon

Office opposite Rosebud Hotel, Osler street.
Business Phone 120
Didsbury - - Alberta



W. C. GOUDER
Undertaker and Embalmer
Didsbury Phone 101
Olds - - Alberta

W. A. Austin
Barrister, Solicitor and Notary Public

Special Attention paid to collections—
Office: Over Union Bank of Canada
Block.
Didsbury - - Alberta

Dr. W. G. Evans, M.D.
Physician, Surgeon

Graduate of Toronto University. Office
opposite Rosebud hotel, Osler street.
Residence Phone 50 Office Phone 120
Didsbury - - Alberta

J. L. Clarke, M.D., L.M.C.C.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Graduate University of Manitoba
Late senior house surgeon of St. Michael's
hospital, Newark, N. J.
Office and residence: One block west of
Union Bank.

PHONE 128
Didsbury - - Alberta



SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.
THE sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$8 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$8.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY, C.M.G.,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid for.

ESTRAY

Three head cattle—2 two-year-old cows in calf branded on right ribs; one heifer, no brand. Strayed from Sec. 10, Tp. 31, Rge. 27, W. 4. Finder please notify ALIX BOCK, Lone Pine.

Lost, Strayed or Estry ads. \$1 for four insertions in the Pioneer—they bring results.